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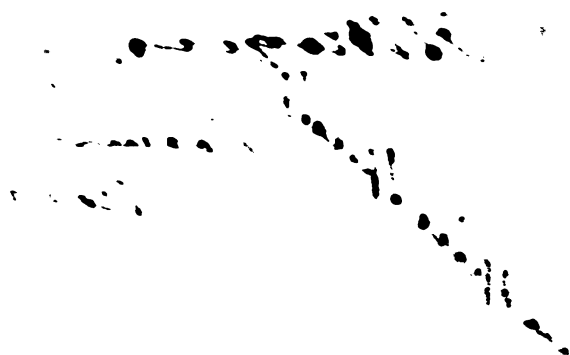
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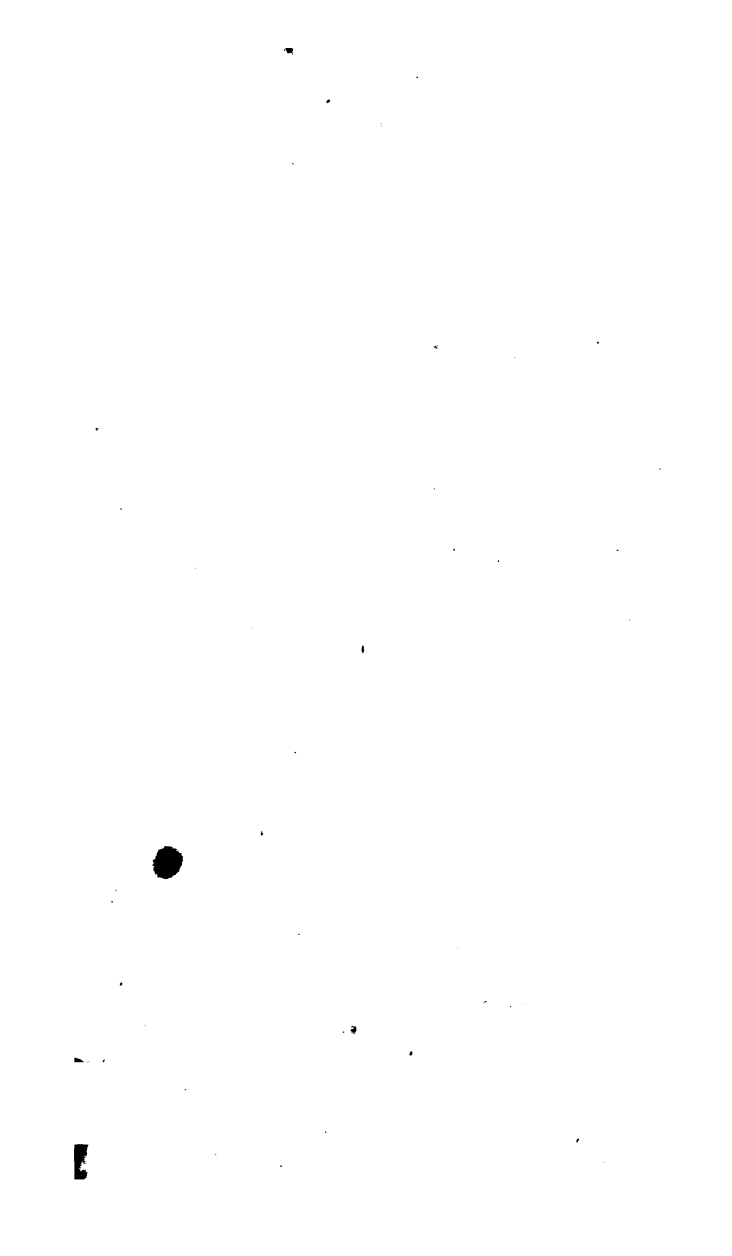
N. H. Whitaker.

The
BEAUTIES
 of
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
 of
NOTTINGHAM,
 late of St. John's College,
CAMBRIDGE.



*No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep.
 But living statues there are seen to weep.
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb.
 Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.*

N. H. Whitaker.



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
CONSISTING OF SELECTIONS
FROM HIS
POETRY AND PROSE.

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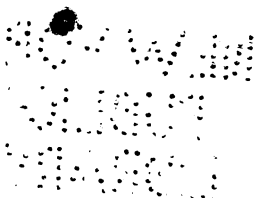
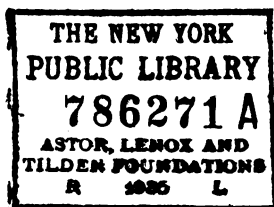
BY ALFRED HOWARD, ESQ.

—•••••
Stereotyped by David Hills.....Boston.
—•••••

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1827.

P



So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career,
It might have soothed its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr ;—then it died,
Melting in melody ;—and I descried,
Born to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied :
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
By starting shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death ?

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
Ye pelting rains, a little rest:
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aching breast.
Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid;

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exiled from my native home,
He should have wiped the bitter tear;
Nor let me faint and lone to roam,
A heart-sick weary wanderer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
The winds they will not let it sleep;
Ah! little knows the hapless babe
What makes its wretched mother weep.

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
I cannot bear thy sobs to see:
Harsh is thy father, little one,
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh that I were but in my grave,
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Were nestling in thy mother's shroud!

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during Illness) to a Lady.

Dear Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun;
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She won't be a cynical father confessor.
Come, come, 'twill not do: put that purling brow down;
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.

Well, first I premise, 'tis my honest conviction,
 That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
 Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm;
 Then a dagger-drawn democrat hot for reform:
This moment a fop, *that*, sententious as Titus;
 Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
 Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle;
 Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;
 Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
 To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
 But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild;
 As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;
 Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
 I show no respect where I never can feel it;
 And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it;
 And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
 I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
 That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd like steel.
 It can love, (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
 And 'tis friendly enough, though in friends it be poor.
 For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
 If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the *seeds*;
 And though far from faultless, or even so-so,
 I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss;
 Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss:
 I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say.
 But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
 I'm a *general lover*, if that's commendation,
 And yet can't withstand—*you know who's* fascination.
 But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
 In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;

So as for the *good* why, if I possess it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
And after your every art you have tried,
Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
I *am* upright, I hope; I'm downright, I'm clear;
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear————

CHILDHOOD.

Pictured in memory's mellowing glass how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village churchyard, and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days!
Beloved age of Innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles,
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still find some insect pleasure to pursue.
Bless'd Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each *pleasure* now no more,
And every stump familiar to thy sight
Recalls some fond idea of delight.
This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,

And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore.
While as each grove and lawn I recognise,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.
And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Bless'd memory, guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall with faithful vigour to my mind
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers oft with pride we march'd:
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead;
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;

Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish gear.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.

When tired with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide,)
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she showed with pride
To strangers, still her thriftiness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much, in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well-beloved, our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring:
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Of little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we,
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
Poor simple wights, ah! little did we ween
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know
This world's a world of weeping and of woe!
Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought;

Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
 Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
 Soon stored with much of legendary lore,
 The sports of childhood charm'd my soul no more.

Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
 Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
 I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
 And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
 While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
 The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
 Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
 To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

* * * * *

THE CHRISTIAD. A DIVINE POEM.

BOOK I.

I.

I sing the Cross!—Ye white-robed angel choirs,
 Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,
 Ye, who o'er holy David's varying wires
 Were won't, of old, your hovering watch to keep,
 Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,
 Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
 Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
 Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
 And teach me how t' exalt the high mysterious theme.

II.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled
 state,
 Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground!
 Fallen is thy pride!—Thine halls are desolate!
 Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly
 sound,
 And frolic pleasures tripped the nightly round,

There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast
 Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
 Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
 Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
 Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
 Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
 While stern Destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
 That thou didst dare insult God's eldest born;
 And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
 Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
 Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire,
 That came to light the world, in one great flash expire.

IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipped in living light,
 To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
 Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
 To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore;
 While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
 And heaven enraptured lists the loud acclaim!
 May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
 May he to human ears his weak song frame?
 Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

V.

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders, come!
 Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float,
 And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
 And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
 And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
 Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
 Whose mild eyes 'lumined what Isaiah wrote,
 Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
 And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
 Satan o'ercome, fell down; and throned there,
 The Son of God confess'd, in splendour shone;
 Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
 Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

* * * * *

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare
 Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
 Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his head.

VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late

The rude Massagetæ adored, he bent

His northering course, while round, in dusky state,

The' assembling fiends their summon'd troops
 augment;

Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they went,

While, as they pass'd to regions more severe.

The Lapland sorcerer swell'd with loud lament

The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,

The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,

Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes around,

There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,

Form a gigantic hall, where never sound

Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound

The smoke-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye

Thrones him; and, fix'd on his primeval mound,

Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay

Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,

No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;

The dancing heart's-blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night
(Sweet interchange, which makes our labours
light)

Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

X.

'Twas there, yet shuddering from the burning lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
When parting last he fondly hoped to shake
Messiah's constancy—and thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree
Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
The' unerring ways of Him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent,
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering, obscured the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropped on the echoing ice. Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,
Vast and obscure: the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till, wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prank'd with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-toss'd,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.

Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
 So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
 Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute,
 Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
 The arch fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
 Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began
 His fierce harangue:—' Spirits! our better days
 Are now elapsed: Moloch and Belial's praise
 Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
 Lo! the light breaks!—The astonish'd nations
 gaze!
 For us is lifted high the avenging rod!
 For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God!

XIV.

What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
 Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
 Drop from his unnerved arm the hostile spear?
 Madness! The very thought would make me faint
 To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
 And hurl them at their Maker! Fix'd as fate,
 I am his foe!—Yea, though his pride should deign
 To sooth mine ire with half his regal state,
 Still would I burn with fix'd, unalterable hate.

XV.

Now hear the issue of my cursed emprise,
 When from our last sad synod I took flight,
 Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
 To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
 His own self-condemnation; in the plight
 Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
 Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,

And, leaning on my staff, seem'd much to guess
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

XVI.

Then thus in homely guise I featly framed
My lowly speech:—' Good Sir, what leads this way
Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be
blamed

That you so far from haunt of mortals stray!
Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
Nor trace of man have seen; but now! methought
Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
That he to fallen man the saving promise brought.

XVII.

' I am that man,' said Jesus, ' I am He!
But truce to questions—Canst thou point my feet
To some low hut, if haply such there be
In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
And now I hunger; and my fainting ear [near.]
Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing

XVIII.

Then thus I answer'd wily:—' If, indeed,
Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones feed:
Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
And living rills from yon parch'd rock will break.'
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
Fix'd on my face;—the blood forsook my cheek,
I could not bear his gaze;—my mask slipped by;
I would have shunned his look, but had not power to fly.

XIX.

Then he rebuked me with the holy word—
Accursed sounds! but now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterred,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
Up to the summit, where extending wide
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripped to the jocund reed the' emasculated swains.

XX.

'Behold,' I cried, 'these glories! scenes divine!
Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays,
And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways!
Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain:
Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendour gain.'

XXI.

'Is it not written,' sternly he replied,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God!' frowning he spake,
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,
Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career, [quake
And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might
At such a fall; my sinews crack'd, and near,
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

XXII.

Senseless and stunned I lay; till, casting round
 My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
 Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
 By volant angels; and as sailing slow
 He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
 While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam.
 Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
 Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
 On starlight hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream.

XXIII.

I saw, blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
 I smote the ether with my iron wing,
 And left the' accursed scene.—Arrived at length
 In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
 The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
 Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
 O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
 Defiance at his Maker, while array'd,
 High o'er the walls of light, rebellion's banners play'd!

XXIV.

Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long;
 Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight,
 Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,
 I see wild Agony's lean finger write
 Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
 Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
 Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,
 Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries! [dies!]
 He faints—he falls—and lo!—'tis true, ye powers! he

XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain; and as if he view'd
 The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced

And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
 While under his uplifted shield he glanced,
 With straining eye-ball fix'd like one entranced,
 On viewless air;—thither the dark platoon
 Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save when there
 danced
 The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
 Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks—the breeze
 Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
 When all the midnight gasping from the seas
 Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands
 High on the shrouds the spirit that commands
 The ocean-farer's life,—so stiff—so sear
 Stood each dark power;—while through their
 numerous bands
 Beat not one heart; and mingling hope and fear
 Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear.

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
 Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
 Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
 His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
 His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
 From his pale quivering lip, but died away
 For very fury; from each hollow cell
 Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,
 And * * * * *

XXVIII.

' This comes,' at length burst from the furious chief,
 ' This comes of distant counsels! Here behold

The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
 Which coward policy would fain unfold,
 To sooth the powers that warred with heaven of
 O wise! O potent! O angacious snare! [old!
 And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
 There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
 While heaven subverts his reign, and plants her
 standard there.'

XXX.

Here, as recover'd, Satan fix'd his eye
 Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern:
 He wrapp'd his black vest round him gleomily,
 And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts
 concern.
 Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn
 His soul to rage. 'Behold, behold,' he cried,
 'The lord of Hell, who bade these legions spurn
 Almighty rule—behold he lays aside
 The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied.'

XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue
 Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat
 In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
 The famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,
 Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet.
 Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
 Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the
 Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord, [seat
 As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

* * * * *

Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this
 of old:—Who led your forces against the armies of

Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke, and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention! Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation: let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learned, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer:—In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

* * * * *

Thus we shall pierce our conqueror, through the
Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall, [race
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair. [pall
Away with coward wiles!—Death's coal-black
Be now our standard!—Be our torch the glare
Of cities fired! our fives, the shrieks that fill the air!
Him answering rose Mecashphim, who of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,
Was worshipped, god of Fire with charms untold

And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,
 Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
 And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,
 Where stood his temple, and where fragrant
 And cinnamon unheap'd the sacred pyre, [cloves
 And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire
 He waved his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
 And, sighing, his papyrus scarf survey'd,
 Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
 The troubled council:

1.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
 With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
 Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
 The lyre which I in early days have strung;
 And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
 The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
 On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
 With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
 Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard
 no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
 Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
 Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
 Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
 One little space prolong my mournful day!
 One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
 I am a youthful traveller in the way,
 And this slight boon would consecrate to thee
 Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am
 free.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

CHRISTMAS-DAY. 1804.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my harp,
 From silence and neglect—one lofty strain,
 Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of heaven,
 And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,
 I ask of thee, for I, with hymnings high,
 Would join the dirge of the departing year.
 Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
 Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,
 Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now;
 Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
 And fearful joy to celebrate the day
 Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
 Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
 Of generations, since the day-spring first
 Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
 Of that increasing aggregate we add
 One unit more. Space, in comparison,
 How small, yet mark'd with how much misery!
 Wars, famines, and the fury Pestilence,
 Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
 The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
 Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong,
 Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
 And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been character'd with woe,
 In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crime;
 Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* lived,
 Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
 And much thanksgiving.—He a man of woes,
 Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
 Yet borne with patience still:—He came to cheer
 The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,

And on the wandering and benighted mind
 To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
 O more than angel teacher! He had words
 To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds:
 And when the soul was toss'd with troubled seas,
 Wrapped in thick darkness and the howling storm,
 He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
 Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
 At the surrounding wreck.—
 When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
 Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
 For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,
 His persecutors—' Father, pardon them,
 They know not what they do.'

Angels of Heaven,

Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
 And did him homage, say, may mortal join
 The hallelujahs of the risen God?
 Will the faint voice and groveling song be heard
 Amid the seraphim in light divine?
 Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
 For mercy to accept the hymn of faith,
 Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
 The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
 Fills my uprising soul!—I mount, I fly
 Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
 The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
 And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

* * * * *

CLIFTON GROVE. A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
 And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.

No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more hoarse clamouring o'er the' uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin;
Now, now my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend;
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, bless'd Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,

Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire.
And thou too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wavest thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail.

This gloomy alcove darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls, endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare
The volleyed lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big—I heard and smiled.

Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live is to be bless'd.
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the gray owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.
Congenial calms more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre dress'd,
To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows,
No more above the' embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep, down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path,—across the green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds,
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.
Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,

And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the siren Pleasure to his arms;
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life;
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms!
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is bless'd, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunned him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burden bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.

This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumines the misty scene;
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social faggot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised;
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round;
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, and monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night:
Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.

* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this
appellation, vide Ovid's *Fasti*, B. xi. 113.

A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name:
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest,
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here, when Hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect dress'd,
'Twas here, reclining, I indulg'd her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I pass once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat!
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive!
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,
And thou too, gay seducer, art *thou* fled?
Though vain thy promise, and thy suit severe,
Yet thou couldst guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems!
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams!
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to their pain,
And in their breast the charmer Hope retain:
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,
Unmoved, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.

So in these shades the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows,
So falls untimely on the desert waste,
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And oh! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight!
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And, frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile:
Above, below, where'er I turn mine eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
What glimmering scenes salute my ravish'd eyes!
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon;
Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon:

Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!
That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magio to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the win
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton maid,
The beauteous Margaret: for her each swain
Confess'd in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd on the blooming mead.
Attuned to gaiety his artless reed,
No more entwined the pangsied wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpoluted neck,
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclined
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,

As here, deep hidden from the glare of day.
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.
Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementos of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fallen honours of the morning trees,
The maiden waited at the' accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the' appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not:—o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods;
The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
Paused for a moment—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But through the covert to her anxious ear
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near. [why—
Strange fears now fill'd her breast—she knew not
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'tis he,—he comes at last;—
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'Tis Bateman's self,—he springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
'Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,
Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
Say, what is wrong?'—Now, through a parting cloud,
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,

And Bateman's face was seen:—'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.

'Oh, speak, my love!' again the maid conjured:

'Why is thy heart in sullen woe immured?'

He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the' unfinish'd accents fell;

When thus at last reluctantly he broke

His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:

'Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,

I on these fields must cast my parting glance;

For three long years, by cruel fate's command,

I go to languish in a foreign land.

Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,

Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?

Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,

Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,

And, on the silken couch of wealth reclined,

Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?'

'Oh! why,' replies the maid, 'my faith thus prove

Canst thou—ah! canst thou, then, suspect my love?

Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart

My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,

If, when he hail again his native shore,

He find his Margaret true to him no more,

May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,

Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjured bed,

And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,

To find deserved death in yonder deeps!''*

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew

A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;

* This part of the Trent is commonly called '*The Clifton Deep*.'

One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
'This bind the vow,' she said, 'this mystic charm
No further recantation can disarm;
The rite vindictive does the fates involve,
No tears can move it, nor regrets dissolve.'

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the Lady of the Night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay:
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led.
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief:
Absence had cool'd her love—the' impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast, when lo! the tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!

Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime:
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim:
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!

Chill'd with amazement, senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe;
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes (by memory ne'er forgot,) Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood;
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fanned the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

Sad on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's gloom and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest'd.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near and nearer drew the dreaded day—
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame:
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright:

And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started, dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They show the path down which the fair was borne,
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave—
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear;
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats,
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellow gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deepning glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart
Bind thee, bless'd Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where 'Oswego's swamps' obstruct the day;
Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;

Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
 Or stand entranced with Pyrenean views;
 Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
 My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.
 When Splendour offers, and when Fame incites,
 I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
 Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,
 Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
 Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once
 more,

Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
 And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,
 Here waste the little remnant of my days.
 But if the Fates should this last wish deny,
 And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
 Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
 That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
 Or that my corpse should, on some desert strand,
 Lie stretch'd beneath the Simöom's blasting hand;
 Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
 My spirit shall wander through this favourite gloom,
 Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
 Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
 Sit, a lorn spectre on yon well-known grave,
 And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

TO CONSUMPTION.

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
 Consumption; lay thine hand!—let me decay,
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.
 And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day
 Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,

O .et the aerial music round my bed,
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear:
 That I may bid my weeping friends good-by
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

THE CONSUMPTIVE MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY

With* what a silent and dejected pace
 Dost thou, wan Moon! upbn thy way advance
 In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!
 Hast thou, too, felt the pangs of hopeless love,
 That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
 Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
 Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook
 Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
 Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
 Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
 Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
 With its thick fringe thy couch?—Wan traveller,
 How like thy fate to mine!—Yet I have still
 One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st—
 My woes will soon be buried in the grave
 Of kind forgetfulness:—my journey here,
 Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
 Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
 Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
 But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace

* With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently and with how wan a face!

Sir P. Sidney.

Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view!—Oh! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And dark vicissitudes!—Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assured, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep
That one so young, and what they 're pleased to call
So beautiful, should die so soon—And tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek,
Oh foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest!—And as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
Successive fall.

Around the winter fire
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions,) they not long

Shall sit and chat of older times and feats
 Of earlier youth, but silent, one by one,
 Shall drop into their shrouds:—Some, in their age,
 Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
 And, falling green beneath the' untimely stroke.
 Thus, in short time, in the churchyard forlorn,
 Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
 And dwell with me, a happy family.
 And oh! thou cruel, yet beloved youth,
 Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
 Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
 And say that I was gentle, and deserved
 A better lover, and I shall forgive
 All, all thy wrongs; and then do thou forget
 The hapless Margaret, and be as bless'd
 As wish can make thee—Laugh, and play, and sing,
 With thy dear choice, and never think of me.
 Yet hie, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

* * * * *

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Come, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell
 In some retired Lapponian cell,
 Where, far from noise and riot rude,
 Resides sequester'd Solitude.
 Come, and o'er my longing soul
 Throw thy dark and russet stole,
 And open to my duteous eyes,
 The volume of thy mysteries.
 I will meet thee on the hill,
 Where, with printless footsteps still,
 The morning in her buskin gray
 Springs upon her eastern way;

While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among
Her gale-transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embower'd,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsmen's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love.
Or when the noon-tide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in the embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's son,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.
But oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers rising near
Steal on the still reposing ear:

While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh,
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the croaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore
Till the full soul, brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturned eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear!
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass,
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch, in eve's æthereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial Night;
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit

Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne.)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While, in the castle's mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song and scare
Dull silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car,
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping, in the airy pall,
The unshriev'd ghost, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance;
While around the mystic ring
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapt in mists, along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.
Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,
Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
And show to Fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
And oh, as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,

The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing, ruin'd maid—
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of wo and Fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone, romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint, ambiguous shadows fall,
Let us, while the faint winds wail
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoings of our feet;
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call,

And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

TO DECEMBER.

Dark-visaged visitor, who comest here,
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat
(While glooms and chilling rains enwrap thy feet)
The solemn requiem of the dying year,
Not undelightful to my listening ear,
Sound thy dull showers, as o'er my woodland seat,
Dismal, and drear, the leafless trees they beat.
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,
Sweeping the grove's long aisle, while sullen Time
Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rock'd upon his throne, with chant sublime,
Joins the full pealing dirge, and Winter weaves
Her dark sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Poor little one most bitterly did pain,
And life's worst ills assail thine early age;
And, quickly tired with this rough pilgrimage,
Thy wearied spirit did its heaven regain.
Moaning, and sickly, on the lap of life
Thou laid'st thine aching head, and thou didst sigh
A little while, ere to its kindred sky
Thy soul return'd, to taste no more of strife!
Thy lot was happy, little sojourner!

Thou hadst no mother to direct thy ways,
And fortune frown'd most darkly on thy days,

Short as they were. Now, far from the low stir
Of this dim spot, in heaven thou dost repose,
And look'st, and smil'st on this world's transient woes.

ODE. ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

1.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.

But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress
twine.

2.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye the lingering knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,

Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

3.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:

To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

6.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away:
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

7.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,

Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart
 be still?

8.

Come, Disappointment, come!
 Thou art not stern to me;
 Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

THE DREAM.

Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie!
 Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!
 Where art thou, love?—Around I turn my eye,
 And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
 Was it a dream? or did my love behold
 Indeed my lonely couch?—Methought the breath
 Fanned not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
 And hollow, and the livery of death
 Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid!
 My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
 Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
 Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
 Yet, hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
 Of better promise; and I know at last,
 When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
 We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

FOREBODINGS.

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,
 (Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet
 To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
 The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;
 Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
 Fills my sad breast; and, tired with this vain coil,
 I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
 And as amid the leaves the evening air
 Whispers still melody—I think ere long,
 When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
 And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
 And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
 And I do ponder with most strange delight
 On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

A FRAGMENT.

—————The western gale,
 Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
 Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved,
 Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade,
 I lie, exhausted with the noon-tide heat:
 While rippling o'er his deep-worn pebble bed,
 The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
 Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
 Full many a floweret rears its head,—or pink,
 Or gaudy daffodil.—'Tis here at noon,
 The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
 And lave them in the fountain; here secure
 From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport;
 Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
 Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
 Invoke the god of slumber. * * *

* * * * *

And, hark! how merrily, from distant tower,
Ring round the village bells! now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music—They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
Commix'd along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of Solitude.
Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy Superstition, gabbling eld!
Holds her unhurtful gambols.—All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon
Tell of uncharnelled spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the 'nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deepening glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance!

Thou art fallen man's best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.
Even now, as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness.

Which sense refined affords.—Even now, my heart
 Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
 Throw off these garments, and in the shepherd's weeds,
 With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
 To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
 Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
 That I could almost err in reason's spite,
 And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life:

The distant prospect always seems more fair,
 And when attain'd, another still succeeds,
 Far fairer than before, yet compass'd round
 With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
 And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
 Still discontented, chase the fairy form
 Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
 When life itself is sinking in the strife,
 'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Fast from the West the fading day-streaks fly,
 And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway,
 Yet here alone, unheeding time I lie,
 And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
 Oh! 'tis not long since, George with thee I woo'd,
 The maid of musing by yon moaning wave,
 And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd,
 Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!
 The busy world pursues its boisterous way,
 The noise of revelry still echoes round,
 Yet I am sad while all beside is gay—
 Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
 Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease,
 And 'neath the green-sward sleep the sleep of peace.

ODE, ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing engravings from his designs.

Mighty magician! who on Torneo's brow,
 When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
 Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light,
 That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
 And listen to the distant death-shriek long
 From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
 Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
 While the weird sisters weave the horrid song—
 Or when along the liquid sky
 Serenely chaunt the orbs on high,
 Dost love to sit in musing trance,
 And mark the northern meteor's dance,
 (While far below the fitful oar
 Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,)
 And list the music of the breeze,
 That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
 And often hears with sudden swell
 The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
 By the spirits sung, who keep
 Their night-watch on the treacherous deep,
 And guide the wakeful helm's-man's eye
 To Helicé in northern sky—
 And there upon the rock inclined,
 With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
 Such as bound in magic spell
 Him* who grasp'd the gates of Hell,
 And bursting Pluto's dark domain,
 Held to the day the terrors of his reign—

* Dante.

Geni
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Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him* thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images express'd?
Sullen of soul, and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansions of the silent dead.
Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh! forever must its efforts sleep?
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain?
Oh yes, 'tis his!—thy other son;
He throws thy dark-wrought tunic on,
Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes.
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep,
Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung,
And the loud winds that round his pillow run,
Woo'd the stern infant to the arms of sleep;
Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the foolish boy, and bade him look
Where, far below, the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulf bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-sob, and disdaining rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.

* Dante.

Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odm's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight
The savage feast and spectred fight;
And summon'd from his mountain tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled Runic rhymes to sing,
While fierce Hresvelger flapped his wing;
Thou show'dst the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam,
Or crowd the foaming desert stream;
Lastly, her storied hand she waves,
And lays him in Florentian caves;
There milder fables, lovelier themes,
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams;
There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half-reluctant tear;
And now at noon of night he roves
Along the embowering moonlight groves;
And as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs;
And as upon the turf he lies,
Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees below the gliding sprite,
And hears in Fancy's organs sound
Aërial music warbling round.
Taste lastly comes and smooth's the whole,
And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,
The wondrous work is now complete.
The Poet dreams:—the shadow flies,
And, fainting fast, its image dies.

But lo! the Painter's magic force
 Arrests the phantom's fleeting course:
 It lives—it lives—the canvass glows,
 And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.
 The Bard beholds the work achieved,
 And as he sees the shadow rise,
 Sublime before his wondering eyes,
 Starts at the image his own mind conceived.

GENIUS. AN ODE.

I. 1.

Many there be, who, through the vale of life,
 With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
 While jarring discord's inharmonious strife
 Awakes them not to woe.
 By them unheeded, carking Care,
 Green-eyed Grief, and dull Despair;
 Smoothly they pursue their way,
 With even tenor and with equal breath,
 Alike through cloudy and through sunny day,
 Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
 And weeping Woe, and Disappointment keen,
 Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
 And self-consuming Spleen.
 And these are Genius' favourites: these
 Know the thought-throned mind to please,
 And from her fleshy seat to draw
 To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
 Disdaining all but 'wildering Rapture's law,
 The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
 High above the burning zone,
 In radiant robe of light array'd,
 Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
 His melancholy moan.
 He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
 Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
 Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
 To curse his being and his thirst for praise.
 Thou gavest to him with treble force to feel
 The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn;
 And, what o'er all does in his soul preside
 Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
 His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
 That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
 For, ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife
 Distract his hapless head!
 For him awaits no balmy sleep,
 He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
 Or by his lonely lamp he sits
 At solemn midnight when the peasant sleeps
 In feverish study, and in moody fits
 His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And, oh! for what consumes the watchful oil?
 For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
 'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
 'Tis for untimely death.
 Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
 Despair depicted in his eyes,

He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him, the youth, who smiled at death,
And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far-resounding Fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou at thy flash'd car dost nations draw,
Yet, ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
And Discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.
Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy derided state;
Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn;
While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
And fat stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering in
his grave.

NEGLECTED GENIUS.*

Go the the raging sea, and say, 'Be still!'
Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;
Preach to the storm, and reason with Despair,
But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair*.

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
And every year with new delight hast told,
Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,
Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea,
The storm of misery never burst on *thee*.

Go to the mat, where squalid Want reclines,
Go to the shade obscure, where merit pines;
Abide with him whom Penury's charms control,
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul;
Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch *that life is fair!*

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled;
Mark his dew'd temples, and his half shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His muttering mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

* Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems: "It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;
But now Neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more:
Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on;
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away.

Go, child of Fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is *wondrous fair*!

Yet Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,
To' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only show
Her fairer side but little mix'd with woe.

GONDOLINE. A BALLAD.

The night was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly,

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight,
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye;
'Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die.'

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The Curlew scream'd above;
She heard the scream with a sickening heart,
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
' Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die.'

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendent from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipped, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet, still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose;
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came;
She followed, till upon her sight
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning caldron stood in the 'midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the caldron stóut
Twelve withered witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes;
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopped; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the Night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd,
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And raised a devilish rout;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was, too, in that same bark,
A father and his son:
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast and wept;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair,
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
And it was soft and fair:
It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue;
And his father he tore his thin gray hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away:
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead,
The sailors their strength did urge;
But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun: She said she had done
That task that Queen Hecat' had set her,
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman him against
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had work'd the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering solely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footsteps on the floor,
And she raised her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed,

And said, My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp, bright knife,
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begged for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd aloud with fear;
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick and old,
She struggled hard, and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the caldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had played.

There was a gallant-featured youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane—and thought
Him dead in Holy Land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurred his warrior's steed,
And sought the battle's bed:
And soon, all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two:
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their sockets,
The mouth it ghastly grinned,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinned.

'Twas Bertrand's Head!! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights were fled—the caldron sunk—
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare:
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And show'd a river in the cave,
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rush'd the rock's between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
 Her ghost is known to glide,
 At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
 Along the ocean's side.

ODE, TO THE HARVEST MOON.

——— *Cum ruit imbriferum ver:*
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:
 ———

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

VIRGIL.

Moon of harvest, herald mild
 Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
 Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
 As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
 And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
 Where innocence and peace reside;
 'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
 Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
 O'er the uplands now to rove,
 While thy modest ray serene
 Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
 And to watch thee riding high
 In the blue vault of the sky,
 Where no thin vapour intersects thy ray,
 But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
 Now the night is at her noon,

'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;

Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh! modest moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh,
Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of harvest shines, thy blustering
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
 Leave I Sleep's dull power to woe:
 Press ye still the downy bed,
 While feverish dreams surround your head;
 I will seek the woodland glade,
 Penetrate the thickest shade,
 Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,
 Musing high on holy themes,
 While on the gale
 Shall softly sail
 The nightingale's enchanting tune,
 And oft my eyes
 Shall grateful rise
 To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

THE HERMIT OF THE DALE.

Where yonder woods in gloomy pomp arise,
 Embower'd, remote, a lowly cottage lies;
 Before the door a garden spreads, where blows
 Now wild, once cultivate, the brier rose;
 Though choked with weeds, the lily there will peer,
 And early primrose hail the nascent year;
 There to the walls did jessamine wreaths attach,
 And many a sparrow twitter'd in the thatch,
 While in the woods that wave their heads on high
 The stock-dove warbled murmuring harmony.

There, buried in retirement, dwelt a sage,
 Whose reverent locks bespoke him far in age;
 Silent he was, and solemn was his mien,
 And rarely on his cheek a smile was seen.
 The village gossips had full many a tale
 About the aged "hermit of the dale:"
 Some called him wizard, some a holy seer,
 Though all beheld him with an equal fear,

And many a stout heart had he put to flight,
Met in the gloomy wood-walks late at night.

Yet well, I ween, the sire was good of heart,
Nor could to aught one heedless pang impart;
His soul was gentle, but he'd known of woe,
Had known the world, nor longer wish'd to know.
Here, far retired from all its busy ways,
He hoped to spend the remnant of his days;
And here, in peace, he till'd his little ground,
And saw, unheeded, years revolving round.
Fair was his daughter as the blush of day,
In her alone his hopes and wishes lay;
His only care, about her future life,
When death should call him from the haunts of strife.
Sweet was her temper, mild as summer skies,
When o'er their azure no thin vapour flies;
And but to see her aged father sad,
No fear, no care, the gentle Fanny had.

Still at her wheel the live-long day she sung,
Till with the sound the lonesome woodlands rung,
And, till usurp'd, his long unquestion'd sway
The solitary bittern wing'd its way,
Indignant rose, on dimal pinions borne,
To find, untrod by man, some waste forlorn;
Where, unmolested, he might hourly wail,
And with his screams still load the heavy gale.

Once as I stray'd at eve the woods among,
To pluck wild strawberries, I heard her song;
And heard, enchanted—oh! it was so soft,
So sweet, I thought the cherubim aloft,
Were quiring to the spheres. Now the full note
Did on the downy wings of silence float
Full on the ravish'd sense, then died away,
Distantly on the ear, in sweet decay.

Then first I knew the cot; the simple pair;
 Though soon become a welcome inmate there:
 At eve, I still would fly to hear the lay,
 Which Fanny to her lute was wont to play;
 Or with the Sire, would sit and talk of war—
 For wars he'd seen, and bore full many a scar—
 And oft the plan of gallant siege he drew;
 And loved to teach me all the arts he knew.

* * * * *

HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

I.

O Lord, another day is flown,
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.

II.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.

III.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are less than they.

IV

O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!

V.

Thus chasten'd cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

VI.

/ And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HYMN.

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured king,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, where the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise, and break
 The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Hence to thy darkest shades, dire Slavery, hence!
 Thine icy touch can freeze,
 Swift as the polar breeze,
 The proud defying port of human sense.
 Hence to thine Indian cave,
 To where the tall canes whisper o'er thy nest,
 Like the murmuring wave
 Swept by the dank wing of the rapid west;
 And at the night's still noon,
 The lash'd Angolan, in his grated cell,
 Mix'd with the tiger's yell,
 Howls to the dull ear of the silent moon.

But come, thou goddess, blithe and free,
 Thou mountain-maid, sweet Liberty!
 With buskin'd knee, and bosom bare,
 Thy tresses floating in the air;
 Come,—and treading on thy feet,
 Independence let me meet,
 Thy giant mate, whose awful form
 Has often braved the bellowing storm;
 And heard its angry spirit shriek,
 Rear'd on some promontory's beak,

Seen by the lonely fisher far,
By the glimpse of flitting star,
His awful bulk, in dusky shroud,
Commixing with the pitchy cloud;
While at his feet the lightnings play,
And the deep thunders die away.
Goddess, come, and let us sail
On the fresh reviving gale;
O'er dewy lawns, and forests lone,
Till lighting on some mountain stone,
That scales the circumambient sky,
We see a thousand nations lie,
From Zembla's snows to Afric's heat,
Prostrate beneath our frolic feet.

From Italy's luxuriant plains,
Where everlasting summer reigns,
Why, goddess, dost thou turn away?
Didst thou never sojourn there?
Oh, yes, thou didst—but fallen is Rome,
The pilgrim weeps her silent doom,
As at midnight murmuring low,
Along the mouldering portico,
He hears the desolate wind career,
While the rank ivy whispers near.

Ill-fated Gaul! ambition's grasp
Bids thee again in slavery gasp;
Again the dungeon walls resound
The hopeless shriek, the groan profound.
But, lo, in yonder happy skies,
Helvetia's airy mountains rise,
And, oh, on her tall cliffs reclined,
Gay Fancy, whispering to the mind,

As the wild herdsman's call is heard,
 Tells me, that she, o'er all preferred,
 In every clime, in every zone,
 Is liberty's divinest throne.
 Yet, whence that sigh? O goddess, say,
 Has the tyrant's thirsty sway
 Dared profane the sacred seat,
 Thy long high-favour'd, best retreat?
 It has! it has! away, away,
 To where the green isles woo the day,
 Where thou art still supreme, and where
 Thy pæans fill the floating air,

* * * * *

TO LOVE.

I.

Why should I blush to own I love?
 'Tis Love that rules the realms above.
 Why should I blush to say to all,
 That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

II.

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
 Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
 Why the stern brow deceitful move,
 When I am languishing with love?

III.

Is it weakness thus to dwell
 On passion that I dare not tell?
 Such weakness I would ever prove;
 'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

THE LULLABY.

Of a Female Convict to her Child, the Night previous to Execution.

Sleep, baby mine,* enkerchieft on my bosom,¹
 Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
 Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother
 To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining?
 Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;
 Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
 And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
 When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be:
 Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
 In her low grave of shame and infamy!

Sleep, baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee
 And I would snatch an interval of rest:
 Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
 For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

MAN THE WORST ENEMY OF MAN.

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
 This truth's confess'd—That man's worst foe is man.
 The ravening tribes, that crowd the sultry zone,
 Prey on all kinds and colours but their own.
 Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,
 Instinct's first law their covenant and guard.

* Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning "Sleep, Baby mine."

But man alone, the lord of every clime,
 Whose port is godlike, and whose power sublime,
 Man, at whose birth the' Almighty hand stood still,
 Pleased with the last great effort of his will;
 Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
 Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood;
 His fellow leads, where hidden pit-falls lie,
 And drinks with ecstasy his dying sigh.

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still
 Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,

But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
 Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,
 My candle waning melancholy by,

I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb, that through the ether sails,
 And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,

Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,
 To her, while all around in sleep recline,
 Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,

And sing the gentle honours of her name;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
 To lift my soul her fairy vision sends,

And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,
 And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
 See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!

See round yon churchyard elm what spectres throng!

Meanwhile I tune to some romantic lay

My flageolet—and, as I pensive play,

The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene:

The traveller late journeying o'er the moors

Hears them aghast—(while still the dull owl pours

Her hollow screams each dreary pause between,)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
And 'mid the dreary solitude, serene,
Cast a much meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to heaven, and weep.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled,
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame:
These the dread signs of many a secret pang,
These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul;
Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
My lamp expires;—Beneath thy mild control,
These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
Soothe these discordant tones to rest,

And breathe the soul of peace;
 Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
 It is not pain that brings this tear,
 For thou hast bid it cease.

Oh! many a year has pass'd away
 Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
 Attuned my infant reed;
 When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
 Those happy moments now no more—

* * * * *

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
 And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
 Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
 To inspire my trance.

Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
 Your magic sweets on me to shed;
 In vain your powers are now essay'd
 To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?
 So swiftly pleasure flies;
 So to mankind, in darkness lost,
 The beam of ardour dies.

Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,
 And now, encurtain'd in the main,
 Thou sinkest into rest;

But I, in vain, on thorny bed
 Shall woo the god of soft repose—

* * * * *

TO THE MOON. WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

Sublime, emerging from the misty verge
 Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,

As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funeral dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way,
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

MOONLIGHT IN EGYPT.

How beautiful upon the element
The Egyptian moonlight sleeps;
The Arab on the bank hath pitch'd his tent;
The light wave dances, sparkling o'er the deeps;
The tall reeds whisper in the gale,
And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail.

Thou mighty Nile! and thou receding main,
How peacefully ye rest upon your shores,
Tainted no more, as when from Cairo's towers,
Roll'd the swoln corse by plague! the monster! slain.
Far as the eye can see around,
Upon the solitude of waters wide,
There is no sight, save of the restless tide—
Save of the winds, and waves, there is no sound.

Egyptia sleeps, her sons in silence sleep!
Ill-fated land, upon thy rest they come—
The' invader, and his host. Behold the deep
Bears on her farthest verge the dusky gloom—

And now they rise, the masted forests rise,
 And gallant, through the foam, their way they make.
 Stern Genius of the Memphian shores, awake—

The foeman in thy inmost harbour lies,
 And ruin o'er thy land with brooding pennon flies

TO THE MORNING.

Written during illness.

Beams of the day-break faint! I hail
 Your dubious hues, as on the robe
 Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
 I mark your traces pale.
 Tired with the taper's sickly light,
 And with the wearying, number'd night,
 I hail the streaks of morn divine:
 And lo! they break between the dewy wreaths
 That round my rural casement twine:
 The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes;
 It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
 And cheerily re-illumes the lambient flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
 She leaves her grassy nest,
 And soars till the *unrisen sun*
 Gleams on her speckled breast.

Now let me leave my restless bed,
 And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
 Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
 By many a green lane lies my way,
 Where high o'er head the wild briers bend,
 Till on the mountain's summit gray,
 I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heaven! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast!
My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colours dress'd.

Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:

I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
With thee, the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view;
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.

The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state,
They shun the clear blue face of Morn;
Along the fine cerulian sky,

The fleecy clouds successive fly, [adorn.

While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds

And hark! the thatcher has begun

His whistle on the eaves,

And oft the hedger's bill is heard

Among the rustling leaves.

The slow team cracks upon the road,

The noisy whip resounds,

The driver's voice, his carol blithe,

The mower's stroke, his whetting sythe,

Mix'd with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat

Beneath these clumps of trees,

The early dawn of day to greet,

And catch the healthy breeze,

Than on the silent couch of Sloth
 Luxurious to lie?
 Who would not from life's dreary waste
 Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
 An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
 The morning's pleasures o'er,
 Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
 To ope on him no more.
 Yet, Morning! unrepining still,
 He'll greet thy beams awhile;
 And surely thou, when o'er his grave
 Solemn the whispering willows wave,
 Wilt sweetly on him smile;
 And the pale glow-worm's pensive light [ni
 Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moon

ODE TO THE MORNING STAR.

Many invoke pale Hesper's pensive sway,
 When rest supine leans o'er the pillowing clouds,
 And the last tinklings come
 From the safe-folded flock.

But me, bright harbinger of coming day,
 Who shone the first on the primæval morn;
 Me thou delightest more—
 Chastely luxuriant.

Let the poor silken sons of slothful pride
 Press now their downy couch in languid ease,
 While visions of dismay
 Flit o'er their troubled brain.

Be mine to view awake to nature's charms,
Thy paly flame evanish from the sky,
 As gradual day usurps
 The welkin's glowing bounds.

Mine to snuff up the pure ambrosial breeze
Which bears aloft the rose-bound car of morn,
 And mark his early flight
 The rustling sky-lark wing.

And thou, Hygeia, shalt my steps attend,
Thou, whom distracted, I so lately wooed
 As on my restless bed
 Slow past the tedious night;

And slowly, by the taper's sickly gleam
Drew my dull curtain; and with anxious eye
 Strove through the veil of night
 To mark the tardy morn.

Thou, Health, shalt bless me in my early walk,
As o'er the upland slope I brush the dew,
 And feel the genial thrill
 Dance in my lighten'd veins.

And as I mark the Cotter from his shed
Peep out with jocund face—thou, too, Content,
 Shalt steal into my breast,
 Thy mild, thy placid sway.

Star of the morning! these, thy joys, I'll share,
As rove my pilgrim feet the sylvan haunts;
 While to thy blushing shrine
 Due orisons shall rise.

MUSIC.

O give me music—for my soul doth faint;
 I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,
 Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
 When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
 As when the coral train their dirges weave,
 Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,
 O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
 Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
 And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
 Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
 Far from its clayey cell it springs—

* * * * *

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Who is it leads the planets on their dance—
 The mighty sisterhood? Who is it strikes
 The harp of universal harmony?

Hark! 'tis the voice of planets on their dance,
 Led by the arch-contriver. Beautiful
 The harmony of order! How they sing!
 The regulated orbs upon their path
 Through the wide trackless ether sing, as though
 A siren sat upon each glittering gem,
 And made fair music—such as mortal hand
 Ne'er raised on the responding chords; more like

The mystic melody that oft the bard
Hears in the strings of the suspended harp,
Touch'd by some unknown beings that reside
In evening breezes, or, at dead of night,
Wake in the long, shrill pauses of the wind.

This is the music which, in ages hushed,
Ere the Assyrian quaffed his cups of blood,
Kept the lone Chald awake, when through the night
He watch'd his herds. The solitary man,
By frequent meditation, learned to spell
Yon sacred volume of high mystery.
He could arrange the wandering passengers,
From the pale star, first on the silent brow
Of the meek-tressed Eve, to him who shines,
Son of the morning, orient Lucifer:
Sweet were to him, in that unletter'd age,
The openings of wonder. He could gaze
Till his whole soul was fill'd with mystery,
And every night wind was a spirit's voice,
And every far-off mist, a spirit's form:
So with fables, and wild romantic dreams
He mix'd his truth, and couch'd in symbols dark.
Hence, blind idolatry arose, and men
Knelt to the sun, or at the dead of night
Pour'd their orisons to the cloud-wrapt moon.
Hence, also, after ages into stars
Transform'd their heroes; and the warlike chief,
With fond eye fix'd on some resplendent gem,
Held converse with the spirits of his sires:—
With other eyes than these did Plato view
The heavens, and, fill'd with reasonings sublime,
Half-pierced, at intervals, the mystery,
Which with the gospel vanish'd, and made way
For noon-day brightness. * * * *

MUSINGS AT NIGHT.

O pale art thou, my lamp, and faint
 Thy melancholy ray:
 When the still night's unclouded saint
 Is walking on her way.
 Through my lattice leaf-embower'd,
 Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,
 And o'er my silent sacred room,
 Casts a checker'd twilight gloom;
 I throw aside the learned sheet,
 I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet
 Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,
 Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
 And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards;
 Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
 Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd;
 So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud
 Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far
 From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

* * * * *

NELSONI MORS.

Yet once again, my Harp, yet once again,
 One ditty more, and on the mountain ash
 I will again suspend thee. I have felt
 The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
 At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,
 I woke to thee the melancholy song.
 Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,
 I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freak
 Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;

Not unrepining, for my froward heart
Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow
Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts
Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more,
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
My long neglected Harp.—He must not sink;
The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
No precious dew of Aganippe's well,
Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud
I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse;
Yet I will wreath a garland for his brows,
Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
Of Britain, my loved country; and with tears
Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe
Thy honour'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm
And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd
Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou, Pity, too,
If ever I have loved, with faltering step,
To follow thee in the cold and starless night,
To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff;
And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
The dying soul's *viaticum*; if oft
Amid the carnage of the field I've sate
With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
With mercy and forgiveness—visitant
Of heaven—sit thou upon my harp,
And give it feeling, which were else too cold
For argument so great, for theme so high.

How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
 Kerchief'd in mists, and tearful, when——

* * * * *

PASTORAL SONG.

Come, Anna! come, the morning dawns,
 Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies:
 Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
 And watch the early lark arise;
 While nature, clad in vesture gay,
 Hails the loved return of day.

Our flocks that nip the scanty blade
 Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
 And then, secure beneath the shade,
 We'll listen to the throstle's tale;
 And watch the silver clouds above,
 As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
 That with its tones, so softly sweet,
 In cadence with my mellow flute,
 We may beguile the noontide heat;
 While near the mellow bee shall join,
 To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
 Except when heard the beetle's hum
 We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
 To these sweet heights again we'll come;
 And thou to thy soft lute shalt play
 A solemn vesper to departing day.

THE PIOUS MAN.

The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast; that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkness all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

I.

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapped in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

III.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,

Does that disturb my breast ?
 Nay, what have I, a studious man,
 To do with life's unstable plan,
 Or pleasure's fading vest ?

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,
 But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
 Must bend my lonely way ?
 No, surely no! for give but me
 My own fire-side, and I shall be
 At home where'er I stray.

V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
 With music sweet shall fill the air,
 When thou no more canst hear ?
 Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven,
 I shall be with my God in heaven,
 Released from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
 But there is some mysterious spell
 That holds me when I'm glad;
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
 When yet in truth I know not why,
 Or wherefore I am sad.

TO POESY.

Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
 From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy!
 And many a flower, which in the passing time
 My heart hath register'd, nipped by the chill
 Of undeserved neglect, hath shrunk and died.
 Heart-soothing Poesy!—Though thou hast ceased

To hover o'er the many-voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice-hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart.—Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceased—
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek;
Still, though unbidden, plays.—Fair Poesy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,
Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week, and month,
Since by dark wood, or hamlet far retired,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep-bespangled vault,
Wreath thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chastened fire,
Or in the caverns of the ocean flood
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away; from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away; there are severer strains,
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Released and disembodied,) there are strains,
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Through the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purged and purified.—To these my soul

Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
 I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
 With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
 Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
 Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
 And minister strange music, which doth seem
 Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
 Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete,
 And full fruition filling all the soul.
 Surely such ministry, though rare, may soothe
 The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
 Of toil; and but that my fond heart
 Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone,
 When by clear fountain, or embowered brake,
 I lay a listless muser, prizing, far
 Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
 But for such recollections I could brace
 My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
 Of science unregretting; eye afar
 Philosophy upon her steepest height,
 And with bold step, and resolute attempt,
 Pursue her to the innermost recess,
 Where throned in light she sits, the Queen of Truth.

* * * * *

Hush'd is the lyre—the hand that swept
 The low and pensive wires,
 Robbed of its cunning, from the task retires.
 Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;
 The spirit which its slumbers broke
 Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that woke
 Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.
 Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
 Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy:
 Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,

Mild with decaying odours; for to me
 Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,
 As in the wood-paths of my native—

* * * * *

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
 Whose modest form, so delicately ne,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds;

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's
 sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

RAMBLES WITH A FRIEND.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
 Just yield a scanty sustenance to the sheep,

With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sunrise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste delighted of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd:
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sun-beam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature, hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads,
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high aerial tour;
Though on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
Where, from the peep of day, till russet eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon, too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run;
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet;

And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept;
Or, fancy-led, saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Ilyssian grove;
Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd
Of times when monarch Superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom,
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's knell,
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind!)
Even then we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening, too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around! no playful breeze
Sigh'd 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees;

But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The gray fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church-bells' mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides
The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We loved to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war;
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of woe.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me toward the goal;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

RESIGNATION.

Yes, 'twill be over soon—This sickly dream
 Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem
 From this wild region of unvaried pain.
 Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
 When Henry's name is heard no more below.
 Sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
 They laugh in health, and future evils brave:
 Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
 While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
 God of the just—Thou gavest the bitter cup;
 Now to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

Oh! thou who, in my early youth,
 When fancy wore the garb of truth,
 Wert wont to win my infant feet,
 To some retired, deep-fabled seat,
 Where, by the brooklet's secret tide,
 The midnight ghost was known to glide;
 Or lay me in some lonely glade,
 In native Sherwood's forest shade,
 Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
 Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
 And there, as musing deep I lay,
 Would steal my little soul away,
 And all thy pictures represent,
 Of seige and solemn tournament;
 Or bear me to the magic scene,
 Where, clad in greaves and gaberdine,

The warrior knight of chivalry
 Made many a fierce enchanter flee;
 And bore the high-born dame away,
 Long held the fell magician's prey;
 Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
 Of murders, and of goblins pale,
 Haunting the guilty baron's side,
 (Whose floors with secret blood were dyed,)
 Which o'er the vaulted corridors
 On stormy nights was heard to roar,
 By old domestic, waken'd wide
 By the angry winds that chide;
 Or else the mystic tale would tell
 Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

* * * * *

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

I.

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume!
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow;
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song;
 And sweet the strain shall be and long,
 The melody of death.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

II.

Come, funeral flower! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.

Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree.

And we shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude
So peaceful and so deep.

III.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.

Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

I.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;

Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

II.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

III.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave!
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT
MORNING IN SPRING.*

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;

* Written at the age of Thirteen.

Now the lark with upward flight,
Gaily usher's in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.
But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark upsprings;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff gramarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cneat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;

There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG TO THE
NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low;
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm,
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've pass'd here many a lonely year
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow,

And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace;
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aerial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whispering of the boding trees,

The brook's eternal flow, and oft
The Condor's hollow scream.

THE SHOWER.

Or should the day be overcast,
We'll linger till the shower be past;
Where the hawthorn's branches spread
A fragrant covert o'er the head.
And list! the rain-drops beat the leaves,
Or smoke upon the cottage eaves;
Or silent dimpling on the stream
Convert to lead its silver gleam;
And we will muse on human life,
And think, from all the storms of strife,
How sweet to find a snug retreat
Where we may hear the tempests beat,
Secure and fearless, and provide
Repose for life's calm eventide.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

If far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love,
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear,
Ye sterner powers, that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
O teach me, when the nights are chill;
And my fire-side is lone and chill,
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tired and pensive ear,
And Nature conquering bids me sigh
For love's soft accents whispering nigh;
O teach me, on that heavenly road,
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams divine,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let bless'd Philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears
I list the music of the spheres,

Or on the mystic symbols pour,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,
I shall not brood on summers gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

ON RURAL SOLITUDE.

When wandering, thoughtful, my stray steps at eve
(Released from toil, and careless of their way)
Have reach'd, unwillingly, some rural spot
Where quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages,
Fast by a wood, or on the river's marge,
I have sat down upon the shady stile,
Half wearied with the long and lonesome walk,
And felt strange sadness steal upon the heart,
And unaccountable.—The rural smells
And sounds spake all of peacefulness and home;
The lazy mastiff, who my coming eyed,
Half balancing 'twixt fondness and distrust,
Recalled some images, now half forgot,
Of the warm hearth at eve, when flocks were penned,
And cattle housed, and every labour done.
And as the twilight's peaceful hour closed in,
The spiral smoke ascending from the thatch,
And the eve sparrow's last retiring chirp,
Have brought a busy train of hovering thoughts
To recollection—rural offices
In younger days and happier times perform'd,
And rural friends, now with their grave-stones carved,
And tales which wore away the winter's night
Yet fresh in memory—then my thoughts assume
A different turn, and I am e'en at home.
That hut is mine; that cottage half-embower'd
With modest jessamine, and that sweet spot
Of garden ground, where, ranged in neat array,

Grow countless sweets, the wall-flower and the pink,
 And the thick thyme-bush—even that is mine;
 And that old mulberry that shades the court
 Has been my joy from very childhood up.

* * * * *

MAN NOT MADE FOR SOLITUDE.

Man was not made to pine in solitude,
 Ensepulchred, and far from converse placed,
 Not for himself alone, untamed and rude,
 To live the Bittern of the desert waste;
 It is not his (by manlier virtue graced)
 To pore upon the noontide brook, and sigh,
 And weep for aye o'er sorrow uneffaced;
 Him social duties call the tear to dry,
 And wake the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.

The savage broods that in the forest shroud,
 The Pard and Lion mingle with their kind;
 And oh! shall man, with nobler powers endow'd,
 Shall he, to nature's strongest impulse blind,
 Bury in shades his proud immortal mind?
 Like the sweet flower, that on some steep rock thrown,
 Blossoms forlorn, rock'd by the mountain wind,
 A little while it decks the rugged stone,
 Then, withering, fades away, unnoticed and unknown!

SONG.

Oh that I were the fragrant flower that kisses
 My Arabella's breast that heaves on high;
 Pleased should I be to taste the transient blisses,
 And on the melting throne to faint, and die.

Oh that I were the robe that loosely covers
Her taper limbs, and Grecian form divine;
Or the entwisted zones, like meeting lovers,
That clasp her waist in many an aery twine.

Oh that my soul might take its lasting station
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip;
Or catch by chance, her blue eyes' fascination,
Or meet, by stealth, her soft vermilion lip.

But, chain'd to this dull being, I must ever
Lament the doom by which I'm hither placed;
Must pant for moments I must meet with never,
And dream of beauties I must never taste.

SONG.

Softly, softly blow, ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

II.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry.
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

III.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken,
Fastly closed is his eye;

Paler is his cheek, and chiller
 Than the icy moon on high.
 Alas! he is dead,
 He has chose his deathbed
 All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
 Will thy slumbers never fly?
 Couldst thou think I would survive thee?
 No, my love, thou bidd'st me die;
 Thou biddest me seek
 Thy deathbed bleak
 All along where the salt waves sigh.

V.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
 On thy breast I'll lay my head,
 And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,
 And our shroud the waters spread:
 The moon will smile sweet,
 And the wild wave will beat,
 Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

SONNET

Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody, in a storm, while on board a ship in his Majesty's service.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
 Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
 Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
 While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclined,
 Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies

His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad
 Of wife and little home, and chubby lad,
 And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
 I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,

View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
 Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,

For not for me shall wife or children mourn,
 And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
 Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

SONNET.

The harp is still! Weak though the spirit were
 That whisper'd in its rising harmonies;
 Yet Memory, with her sister, fond Regret,
 Loves to recall the wild and wandering airs
 That cheer'd the long-fled hours, when o'er the strings
 That spirit hover'd. Weak and though it were
 To pour the torrent of impetuous song,
 It was not weak to touch the sacred chords
 Of pity, or to summon with dark spell
 Of witching rhymes, the spirits of the deep
 Form'd to do Fancy's bidding; and to fetch
 Her perfumes from the morning star, or dye
 Her volant-robos with the bright rainbow's hues.

* * * * *

TO THE SPIRITS OF EVE.

Ye unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
 At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
 Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
 As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies,
 When he who now invokes you low is laid,
 His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed,
 Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,

And chant a dirge to his reposing shade!
For he was wont to love your madrigals;
And often by the haunted stream that laves
The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,
And his big heart would heave with mournful
ecstasy.

MY STUDY.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the muse in glory.
Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls and plaster floor;
So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
To' admit a single chair or table;
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold—
So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs

A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls;
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellows destitute of snout;
And on the walls,—Good Heavens! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals;
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick;)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero, without an ear;
A neck, on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head *once* stood;

But who it was the able master
Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it aught of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto Homer,
Because they both have beards, which, you know,
Will mark them well from Joan and Juno,)
For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.
Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior to men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground:
For though confined, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 'twill contain them all!
And should it e'er become so cold
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give,—
I shall not then be fit to live.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet *Rover* carries,
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries;
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup;
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the alehouse drunken Ned
Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS

In the Morning before Daybreak.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems!—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;

Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The Great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The' angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, 'The Lord our God is great,'
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The' Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note and cry, 'The Lord is great,'
Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works!
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst;
For thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
 How insignificant do all the joys,
 The gaudes, and honours of the world appear!
 How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
 Outwatch'd the slow-paced night?—Why on the page,
 The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
 The hours devoted by the world to rest,
 And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
 Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
 The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
 Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
 Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
 Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
 Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?
 Say, foolish one—can that unbodied fame,
 For which thou barterest health and happiness,
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave—
 Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
 Of everlasting punishment condign?
 Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
 How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
 Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
 And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
 That I may die in peace, and claim a place
 In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight—On the globe dead slumber sits,
 And all is silence—in the hour of sleep—
 Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
 In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep,
 I wake alone to listen and to weep,

To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad meaning tear, unmix'd with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane;—like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

THANATOS.

Oh! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles,
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey;
Where pit-falls lie in every flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear;—away—away with life!
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never daylight's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellcbore;

Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great:
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument;
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chant a vesper to my soul:
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where nature sinks into inanity.

How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave;
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave!

Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!

With all thy smiles,
 And witching wiles;
 Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway
 defiles.

V.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
 To call the solemn hour;
 Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,
 While I in vain, capricious Sleep,
 Invoke thy tardy power;
 And restless lie,
 With unclosed eye,
 And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

TIME, A POEM.

This poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove, or shortly afterward. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

Genius of musings, who, the midnight hour
 Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
 Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
 Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
 Or when the volley'd lightnings cleave the air,
 And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
 Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy lamp,
 Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
 And 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
 Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
 The vast effect to its superior source,—
 Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
 For now I strike to themes of import high

The solitary lyre; and, borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!

Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashion'd,—ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
Or Vesper gild'd the serener eve,
Yea, *He had been* for an eternity!
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of desolation!—ere his tones,
At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos's sluggish sentry, and evoked
From the dark void the smiling universe,
Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulf, which now the Muse,
Adventrous, would explore:—but dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting place;
He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat;
High on the beetling promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest shapes,

He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the Great Architect, who lives confess'd
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes:
So has divine Philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
Of poesy, a bloom of such a hue,
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns,—a meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's;—let it pass!
The night's my own—They cannot steal my night!
When evening lights her folding star on high,
I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,

* The author was then in an Attorney's office.

Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imp's her wing for Heaven.
Hence do I love thee sober-suited maid;
Hence night's my friend, my mistress and my theme,
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray
Of starlight penetrates the studious gloom,
And, at my window seated, while mankind
Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted sway.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partaker's of her rest
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapped,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering
nurse,

Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral: tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapped around

With grave-clothes: and their acting restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.
Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass, that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee Shepherd* gazed
In his mid-watch observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind!—whole nations razed—
Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray Tradition, voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exulting, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze

* Alluding to the first astronomical observations made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
 Was mighty on the earth—To-day—'tis what ?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flash'd unnoticed, save by the wrinkled eld,
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at the lonely lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
 Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

O how weak
 Is mortal man! how trifling—how confined
 His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality,
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of eternity,
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison a little point
 Too trivial for accompt.—O, it is strange,
 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies:
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile, and say, my name shall live with this
 Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know
 That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
 That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump
 Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? or who

Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says,
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their name shall strike upon the ear of man—
Their memory bursts its fetters.

Where is *Rome*?

She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has fate confined
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-rased from memory, and their very name
And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen
Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
Of ignorance and sloth? and shall *we* dare

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And empire seeks another hemisphere.
Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd names,
Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust,
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,

Her crowded ports, broods silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished:
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves, .
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.
Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes—
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps describes
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile Nature smiles—
The seasons run their round—the Sun fulfils
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest..

Where are conceal'd the days which have elapsed?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence, it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,
And turn the key of Time!—Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth
Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summed in birthdays and in sepulchres:
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like him
It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
What is it then? The past Eternity!
We comprehend a *future* without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll for ever: but we shrink amazed—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time
Knew no commencement. That, heap age on age,
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.
The past is an unfathomable depth,

Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.

Change of days

To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun conducts us on
Farther in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler,
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

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Now look on man

Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once we stood?—The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His *past* is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end;
Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confess'd
Foolish, and insignificant and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the less

A.

Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind excursive to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd
The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Throned in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys;
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,

He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far-streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchain'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly condemn the Lord of Hosts?
What is philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
A mortal man to set his judgement up
Against his maker's will?—The Polygar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men!—Oh! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade

Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gay morn before the rising sun,
To pass away and perish.

Earthly things

Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Throned in his might, all times to him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before him one eternal *now*.
Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves:
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days:
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!

Are the illusions of this Proteus life;
All, all is false: through every phasis still
'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
The semblances of things and specious shapes;
But the lost traveller might as soon rely

On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
As we on its appearances.

On earth
There is no certainty nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where Storm and Darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation.—He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant ruin, or the' unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude.—Even in death,
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre. The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurned,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed.—Even he,

The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.
Thou, proud man, look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud
The Night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes
Will show thee myriads more innumerable
Than the sea sand;—each of those little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun
Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel, every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in thy scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing!—Yet of thee the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and condemn
His heavenly providence! Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is winged with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.

How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour!
How poor, how trivial in thy vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!
God of the universe! Almighty one!
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,

reinest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
 down towards erring man, I would address
 Thee my parting pœan; for of Thee,
 at beyond comprehension, who thyself
 Time and Space, sublime Infinitude,
 'hee has been my song—With awe I kneel
 abling before the footstool of thy state,
 God! my Father!—I will sing to Thee
 mn of laud, a solemn canticle,
 on the cypress wreath, which overshades
 throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
 give its wild strings to the desert gale.
 son of Salem! rise, and join the strain,
 p to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
 leaving vain laments, arouse my soul
 ultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
 hallelujah, for the Lord is great
 full of mercy! He has thought of man;

compass'd round with countless worlds, has
 e poor worms, that batten in the dews [thought
 orn, and perish ere the neonday sun.
 to the Lord, for he is merciful:
 ave the Nubian lion but to live,
 age its hour, and perish; but on man
 ivish'd immortality, and heaven.
 eagle falls from his aerial tower,
 mingles with irrevocable dust:
 nan from death springs joyful,
 ge up to life and to eternity.
 hat, insensate of the favouring boon,
 great exclusive privilege bestow'd
 unworthy trifles, men should dare
 eat with slight regard the proffer'd heaven,
 urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear

In wrath, 'They shall not enter in my rest!'
Might I address the supplicative strain
To thy high footstool, I would pray that thou
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him,
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dead sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony the debt
Of primitive transgression.

Oh! I shrink,
My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when in vengeance clothed,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,
And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst the effulgence of the opening heaven;
When to the brazen trumpets deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep!
Their sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey!
The bellowing floods shall disembody their charge
Of human victims.—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop their risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Carribean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell

In the Pacific's vast * * * realm,
 Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
 The wilderness of water; they shall come
 To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
 Thou first shall summon the elected saints
 To their apportion'd heaven! and thy Son,
 At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy
 On all his past distresses, when for them
 He bore humanity's severest pangs.
 Then shalt thou seize the' avenging scimitar,
 And, with a roar as loud and horrible
 As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
 The wicked shall be driven to their abode,
 Down the immitigable gulf, to wail
 And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

* * * * *

Rear thou aloft thy standard—Spirit, rear
 Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and throned
 In unparticipated might. Behold
 Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway,
 Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,
 Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush
 Of mighty generations, as they pass
 To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
 Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
 Who shall contend with time—unvanquish'd Time,
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
 Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
 The hours and days, and years and centuries,
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
 The young are old, the old are in their graves.
 Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;
 It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,—
 Again! 'tis hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd;

In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.
Rear thou aloft thy standard—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.
But do thou know the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamant throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more*.
Yea, he doth come—the mighty champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He comes
To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens! They rise, the myriads rise—
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains
Of torpor—He has ransom'd them, * * *
Forgotten generations live again,
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood:—The righteous of their times
Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor with her of heaven,—a flower
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
And, hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud—The hallelujah's swell;

The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
 They glow, they burn; and now with one accord
 Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song,
 Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
 Who bled for mortals.

* * * * *

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace
 Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
 When from the crowd, and from the city far,
 Haply he may be set (in his late walk
 O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
 Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
 And with fix'd eye, and wistful, he surveys
 The solemn shadows of the heavens sail,
 And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
 Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
 Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
 And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
 Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
 Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

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TO THE RIVER TRENT.

Written on recovery from sickness.

Once more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge
 A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
 From the close sick-room newly let at large,
 Woos to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
 O! to his ear how musical the tale
 Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat!
 And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail
 How wildly novel on his senses float!

It was on this that many a sleepless night,
As, lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
The owls dull wing and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, this, this his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

VERSES.

When pride and envy, and the scorn
Of wealth, my heart with gall imbued,
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence, in the solitude;
To hear the forest bee on wing,
Or by the stream, or woodland spring,
To lie and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan,
Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray:
So to the woods and waste I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower;
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
I'll to the forest caverns hie:
And in the dark and stormy nights
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,

Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
 Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
 Or, as 'tis drifted soft and slow,
 Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

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THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls
 In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
 The village matron kept her little school,
 Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
 Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
 Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean;
 Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
 Beneath her chin was pinned with decent care;
 And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
 Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
 Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
 A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
 These does she guard secure in leathern case,
 From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.
 Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
 The low vestibule of learning's fane;
 Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
 Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display;
 Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
 While I was first to school reluctant borne:
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft she try'd
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
 And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
 To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
 And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.
 But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
 Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;

First at the form, my task forever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

THE WANDERING BOY. A SONG.

I.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

II.

The winter is cold and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

III.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
 And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a pray;
 I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
 And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

V.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
 And no one will list to my innocent tale;
 I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
 And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD,

On Recovery from Sickness.

Here would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
 Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
 Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
 Beneath this Yew I would be sepulchred.
 It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
 From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
 To pierce the shadowy foilage, while the zephyr
 Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
 And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
 Most pleasant. Such a one, perchance, did Gray
 Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.

Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
 For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
 And here I may repose in silent ease;
 And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
 My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
 The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
 Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
 With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-wor

Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass-o'ergrown,
Swathed down with osiers, just as sleep the cottiers.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspired they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*,
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
Its narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unletter'd as he is, would scorn to' invade

The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely-sculptured rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where even cmenteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?) yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

A WINTER SKETCH.

Loud rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud
O'er the cold north-star casts her fitting shroud;
And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,
Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale;
Where now, shut out from every still retreat,
Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,

Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood,
 Retire o'er all her pensive stores to brood?
 Shivering and blue the peasant eyes askance
 * The drifted fleeces that around him dance,
 And hurries on his half-averted form,
 Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.
 Him soon shall greet his snow-topt [cot of thatch,]
 Soon shall his numb'd hand tremble on the latch,
 Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame
 Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame;
 Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,
 What merry groups of vacant faces crowd;
 These hail his coming—these his meal prepare,
 And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied,
 Even sadness brightens at her own fire-side,
 Loves, with fix'd eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,
 While musing Memory dwells on former days;
 Or Hope, blest spirit! smiles—and still forgiven,
 Forgets the passport, while she points to heaven.
 Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air,
 And from its station wheel the easy chair:
 Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet
 To hear without the bitter tempest beat:
 All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,
 The pensive tenant of obscurity—

* * * * *

WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire
 Heap the crackling faggots higher;
 Stern December reigns without,
 With old Winter's blustering rout.

Let the jocund timbrels sound,
Push the jolly goblet round;
Care, avaunt, with all thy crew,
Goblins dire and devils blue.

Hark! without the tempest howls;
And the affrighted watch-dog growls;
Witches on their broomsticks sail,
Death upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling faggots higher,
Draw your easy chairs still nigher;
And, to guard from wizards hoar,
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Now repeat the freezing story
Of the murder'd traveller gory,
Found beneath the yew-tree sear,
Cut his throat from ear to ear.

Tell, too, how his ghost, all bloody,
Frighten'd once a neighbouring goody;
And how, still, at twelve he stalks,
Groaning o'er the wild wood walks.

Then, when fear usurps her sway,
Let us creep to bed away;
Each for ghosts, but little bolder,
Fearfully peeping o'er his shoulder.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;
The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,

And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star
To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war
Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
And in thy agonising ear the shriek
Of spirits, howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring appalling—I portend
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed,
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee will fill my head,
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

TO WINTER.

Drear winter! who dost knock
So loud and angry on my cottage roof
In the loud night-storm wrapt, while drifting snows
The cheerless waste invest, and cold, and wide,
Seen by the flitting star, the landscape gleams;
With no unholy awe I hear thy voice,
As by my dying embers, safely housed,
I, in deep silence, muse. Though I am lone,
And my low chimney owns no cheering voice
Of friendly converse, yet not comfortless
Is my long evening, nor devoid of thoughts
To cheat the silent hours upon their way.
There are, who in this dark and fearful night,
Houseless, and cold of heart, are forced to bide
These beating snows, and keen relentless winds—
Wayfaring men, or wanderers whom no home
Awaits, nor rests from travel, save the inn
Where all the journeyers of mortal life
Lie down at last to sleep. Yet some there be
Who merit not to suffer.—Infancy
And sinew-shrinking age are not exempt

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From penury's severest, deadliest gripe.
Oh, it doth chill the eddying heart's-blood to see
The guileless cheek of infancy turn blue
With the keen cold.—Lo, where the baby hangs
On his wan parent's hand, his shivering skin
Half bare, and opening to the biting gale.
Poor shiverer, to his mother he upturns
A meaning look in silence! then he casts
Askance, upon the howling waste before,
A mournful glance upon the forward way—
But all lies dreary, and as cold as hope
In his forsaken breast.

THE WISH.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

THE FRUITLESS WISH.

I have a wish, and near my heart
That wish lies buried;
To keep it there's a foolish part,

For, oh! it must not be,
It must not, must not be.

Why, my fond heart, why beat'st thou so?
The dream is fair to see—
But bid the lovely flatterer go;
It must not, must not be,
Oh! no, it must not be.

'Tis well this tear in secret falls,
This weakness suits not me;
I know where sterner duty calls:
It must not, cannot be
Oh! no, it cannot be.



THE BYZANTINE HERMIT.

While the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of dominion, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city, and was protected, as well by woods and precipices as by the awful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed, the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances, or the strictness of his mortifications. That he was either studious, or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident, for his lamp was often seen to stream through the

trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their beds at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him; the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers, and, though some both loved him, and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening, and the long shadows of the Thracian mountains were extending still farther and farther along the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations by the approach of a stranger. 'How far is it to Byzantium?' was the question put by the traveller. 'Not far to those who know the country,' replied the hermit; 'but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods, and the intricacies of the plains beyond them. Do you see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it? That is the Propontis: and higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther to-night. Thou mayest rest in the village, which is half way down the hill; or if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee.'—'I thank thee, father,' replied the youth: 'I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality.' They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of nature. It penetrated far into the rock, and in the innermost recess was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contempla-

tion, for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the Christian church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dry sticks (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus,) and then proceeded to prepare a vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprise, the dwelling which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills seemed to him a comfortless choice for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. 'Is it possible,' at length he exclaimed, 'that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice? Go with me, old man, to Constantinople, and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years. 'And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend?' said the hermit, 'for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken—art thou not an Athenian? 'I am an Athenian,' replied the youth, 'by birth, but I hope not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birthplace in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master, Speusippus, a genuine asserter of the much belied doctrines of Epicurus, that as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him, also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved, therefore, to enjoy life, and that too with

virtue as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects: enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You perhaps may have reached the latter, my good father; the former you have certainly missed. To-morrow I shall continue my search. At Constantinople, I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of wisdom and philosophy. I have heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us, females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have *minds*. I almost promise myself that I shall marry and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the *women* have *minds*. My good father, how the winds roar about this aerial nest of yours, and here you sit, during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at your feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded Epicurus, were right, when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having.' The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words, and he visibly enjoyed the consciousness of superior intelligence. The old man sighed and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women: his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. 'So you are travelling to Constantinople in search of happiness?' at length exclaimed the hermit: 'I too have been a suitor of that divinity,

and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest, and my experience may not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

‘ These scanty hairs of mine were not always gray, nor these limbs decrepid: I was once, like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous, full of delightful dreams, and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, a path of roses; and I thought I had but to choose in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers, when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments, of which youth is so susceptible. It happened that, at that time, I bore arms under the emperor Theodosius, in his expedition against the Goths, who had overrun a part of Thrace. In our *return from a successful campaign, we staid some time in the Greek cities which border on the Euxine. In one of these cities I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated, and her heart untainted. I had done her family some trivial services, and her gratitude spoke too warmly to my intoxicated brain to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occasion of being with her. Her mild persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier’s life. I had a friend, too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings; and beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two, I

had not a wish. I had never yet spoke explicitly to my female friend, but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affections. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe, what I felt, as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe, and for a time unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place without accompanying it: and thus lost the reward of my past services, and forfeited the favour of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for awhile, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigor by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardor, is only subdued by time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master, and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there, and sighed as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young Christian woman, her frequent companion, had sometimes taken my attention. She was an Ionian by birth, and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess when unvitiated by the corruptions so prevalent in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with which the Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat the Christians. This young woman bore that contempt with a calmness

which surprised me. There was then but few converts to that religion in those parts, and its profession was therefore more exposed to ridicule and persecution from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female, and, in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned, to my astonishment, that she regarded me as one involved in ignorance and error; and that, although she felt an affection for me, she would never become my wife while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands, with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls, or the obscure triads of Zoroaster. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but, in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I could have conceived of the most perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of philosophers. Here that invisible link was supplied, and I could even then observe a harmony and consistency in the whole which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions to be embraced by the understanding. It is the work of the heart as well as the head. Let it suffice

to say that, in time, I became a Christian, and the husband of Sapphira.

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CENSORIOUSNESS.

When I was in Nottingham, I gave way too much to a practice, which prevails *there* in a shameful degree, of sitting in judgment on the attainments and experience of others. At this time there was darkness enough in my own heart to have employed all my attention, and I think it may be generally asserted, that those who are the readiest to examine others are the most backward to examine themselves; that the more we feel inclined to scrutinize our brother Christians with severity, the less able are we to endure such a scrutiny ourselves. Before Christianity can arrive at any degree of perfection, we must have *less tongue* and *more heart work*. If a man be faithful to his convictions, he will find too much to do at home to busy himself with what he has no opportunities of sufficiently knowing,—his neighbor's heart. We are to consider ourselves at all times as miserably ignorant; and it is only while we do consider ourselves as such that we are in a disposition to learn of a teacher so averse to the pride of the human heart as Jesus Christ.

CHILDREN.

I hope you concluded the Christmas holidays on Monday evening with the customary glee; and I hope my uncle was well enough to partake of your merriment. You must now begin your penitential days, after so much riot and feasting; and, with your three little prattlers around you, I am sure your evenings will flow pleasantly by your own fire-side. Visiting

and gaiety are very well by way of change; but there is no enjoyment so lasting as that of one's own family. Elizabeth will soon be old enough to amuse you with her conversation; and, I trust, you will take every opportunity of teaching her to put the right value on things, and to exercise her own good sense. It is amazing how soon a child may become a real comfort to its mother, and how much even young minds will form habits of affection towards those who treat them like reasonable beings, capable of seeing the right and the wrong of themselves. A very little girl may be made to understand that there are some things which are pleasant and amusing, which are still less worthy of attention than others more disagreeable and painful. Children are, in general, fond of little ornaments of dress, especially females; and though we may allow them to be elevated with their trifling splendors, yet we should not forget to remind them, that, although people may admire their dress, yet they will admire them much more for their good sense, sweetness of temper, and generosity of disposition. Children are very quick-sighted to discern whether you approve of them, and they are very proud of your approbation when they think you bestow it: we should therefore be careful how we praise them, and for what. If we praise their dress, it should be slightly, and as if it were a matter of very small importance; but we should never let any mark of consideration, or goodness of heart, in a child, pass by, without some token of approbation. Still we must never praise a child too much, nor too warmly, for that would beget vanity: and when praise is moderately yet judiciously bestowed, a child values it more, because it feels that it is just. I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensi-

ble child will dread the frown of a judicious mother, more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses in the universe. We should teach our children to make friends of us, to communicate all their thoughts to us; and while their innocent prattle will amuse us, we shall find many opportunities of teaching them important truths, almost without knowing it.

COMPOSITION.

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had *some little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well beforehand what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what the painters call the *massing*, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose; and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, overreach themselves, by employing too

many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind, and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else, in fact, will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be paying your addresses to the Graces, when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasm and idle repetitions which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous, and masculine in their tone, let every *word tell*; and when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet who should eke out the measure of his verses with ‘titum, titom, tee, sir.’

So much for style—

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Accustom yourself to write down your thoughts, and to polish the style some time after composition, when you have forgotten the expression. Aim at conciseness, neatness, and clearness; never make use of *fine* or *vulgar* words. Avoid every epithet which does not add *greatly* to the idea, for every addition of this kind, if it do not strengthen, weakens the sentiment; and be cautious never to express by two words what you can do as well by one: a multiplicity of words only hides the sense, just as a superabundance of clothes does the shape. This much for studies.

CONFIDENCE IN SELF.

As to the something that I am to find out, that is a perpetual bar to your progress in knowledge, &c., I am inclined to think, Doctor, it is merely *conceit*. You fancy that you cannot write a letter—you dread its idea; you conceive that a work of four volumes would require the labors of a life to read through; you persuade yourself that you cannot retain what you read, and in despair not to attempt to conquer these visionary impediments. Confidence, Neville, in one's own abilities, is a sure forerunner (in similar circumstances with the present) of success. As an illustration of this, I beg leave to adduce the example of Pope, who had so high a sense, in his youth, or rather in his infancy, of his own capacity, that there was nothing of which, when once set about, he did not think himself capable; and, as Dr. Johnson has observed, the natural consequence of this minute perception of his own powers was his arriving at as high a pitch of perfection as it was possible for a man with his few natural endowments to attain.

DESPONDENCE.

And now, my dear Ben, I must confess your letter gave me much pain; there is a tone of despondence in it which I must condemn, inasmuch as it is occasioned by circumstances which do not involve your own exertions, but which are utterly independent of yourself: if you do your duty, why lament that it is not *productive*? In whatever situation we may be placed, there is a duty we owe to God and religion: it is resignation;—nay, I may say contentment. All

things are in the hands of God; and shall we mortals (if we do not absolutely repine at his dispensations) be fretful under them? I do beseech you, my dear Ben, summon up the Christian within you, and, steeled with holy fortitude, go on your way rejoicing! There is a species of morbid sensibility to which I myself have often been a victim, which preys upon my heart, and, without giving birth to one actively useful or benevolent feeling, does but brood on selfish sorrows, and magnify its own misfortunes. The evils of such a sensibility, I pray to God you may never feel; but I would have you beware, for it grows on persons of a certain disposition before they are aware of it.

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There *are* sorrows, and there *are* misfortunes which bow down the spirit beyond the aid of all human comfort. Of these, I know, my dear Ben, you have had more than common experience; but while the cup of life does overflow with draughts of such extreme asperity, we ought to fortify ourselves against *lesser* evils, as unimportant to man, who has much heavier woes to expect, and to the Christian, whose joys are laid beyond the verge of mortal existence. There are afflictions, there are privations, where *death* and *hopes irrecoverably* blasted, leave no prospect of retriival; when I would no more say to the mourner 'Man, wherefore weepest thou?' than I would ask the winds why they blew, or the tempest why it raged. Sorrows like these are sacred; but the inferior troubles of *partial* separation, vexatious occupation, and opposing current of human affairs, are such as ought not, at least immoderately, to affect a Christian, but

rather ought to be contemplated as the necessary *accidents* of life, and disregarded while their pains are more sensibly felt.

Do not think, I beseech you, my dear Ben, that I wish to represent your sorrows, as light or trivial: I know they are not light; I know they are not trivial; but I wish to induce you to summon up the man within you; and while those unhappy troubles, which you cannot alleviate, must continue to torment you, I would exhort you to rise superior to the crosses of life, and shew yourself a genuine disciple of Jesus Christ, in the endurance of evil without repining, or unavailable lamentations.

Blest as you are with the good testimony of an approving conscience, and happy in an intimate communion with the all-pure and all-merciful God, these trifling concerns ought not to molest you; nay, were the tide of adversity to turn strong against you, even were your friends to forsake you, and abject poverty to stare you in the face, you ought to be abundantly thankful to God for his mercies to you; you ought to consider yourself still as rich, yea, to look around you, and say, I am far happier than the sons of men.

This is a system of philosophy which, for myself, I shall not only preach but practice. We are here for nobler purposes than to waste the fleeting moments of our lives in lamentations and wailings over troubles, which, in their widest extent, do but effect the present state, and which, perhaps, only regard our personal ease and prosperity. Make me an outcast—a beggar; place me, a barefooted pilgrim, on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and I should have wherewithal to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection that all

this was but for a moment, and that a period would come, when wrong, and injury, and trouble should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enslaved by habit and association, that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies, or the means of assuaging hunger? for what else is an anxiety after the world? Or are even the followers of Christ themselves to be infected with the inane, the childish desire of heaping together wealth? Were a man, in the way of making a large fortune, to take up his hat and stick, and say, 'I am useless here and unhappy; I will go and abide with the Gentoo, or the Paraguay, where I shall be happy and useful,' he would be laughed at; but I say he would prove himself a more reasonable and virtuous man than him who binds himself down to a business which he dislikes, because it would be accounted strange, or foolish, to abandon so good a concern, and who heaps up wealth, for which he has little relish, because the world accounts its policy.

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I hope and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that although you have much cause of sadness within, you are yet willing to be amused with the variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of every thing, will afford amusement of the chastest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of wonder and surprise, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant—and I should

think that person both cynical and surly, who would pass by a group of laughing children, without participating in their delight, and joining in their laugh. It is a truth most undeniable, and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life, which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain, that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only adds to the aggregate of human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of life, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape, too, ought to be a source of delight to you; fine buildings, objects of nature, and a thousand things which it would be tedious to name. I should call the man who could survey such things as these without being affected with pleasure, either a very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad, and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness: I would not give two-pence for a being who is locked up in his own sufferings, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds on a fine sunny morning pleases me, because I see they are happy; and I should be very selfish did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not, however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts, since that is an impossibility, and, were it possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with cares, but with cheerful elasticity to bend itself occasionally to circum-

stances, and give way without hesitation to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little is one of the greatest blessings.

Sadness is itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large, than the individual; and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition; I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers: the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions, which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl, genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a loud laugh seized me by the great coat, and asked me to lend it her: she was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which showed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections, which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute:—and there was a soldier's wife, with a wan and

haggard face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wished to place in it:—I then grew out of humor with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries : and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice: but, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that, to those who sought it, there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations, and, knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom, I leave them in his hands.

* * * * *

Forebodings and dismal calculations are, I am convinced, very useless, and I think very pernicious speculations—'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'—And yet how apt are we, when eminent trials molest us, to increase the burden by melancholy ruminations on future evils!—evils which exist only in our own imaginations—and which, should they be realized, will certainly arrive in time to oppress us sufficiently without our adding to their existence by previous apprehension, and thus voluntarily incurring the penalty of misfortunes yet in perspective, and trials yet unborn. Let us guard, then, I beseech you, against these ungrateful divinations into the womb of futurity:—we know our affairs are in the hands of one who has wisdom to do for us beyond our narrow prudence, and we cannot, by taking thought, avoid any afflictive dispensation which God's providence may have in store for us. Let us therefore enjoy with thankfulness the present sunshine, without adverting to the common storm. Few and transitory

are the intervals of calm and settled day with which we are cheered in the tempestuous voyage of life; we ought therefore to enjoy them, while they last, with unmixed delight, and not turn the blessing into a curse by lamenting that it cannot endure without interruption. We, my beloved friend, are united in our affections by no common bands—bands which, I trust, are too strong to be easily dissevered:—yet we know not what God may intend with respect to us, nor have we any business to inquire—we should rely on the mercy of our Father, who is in heaven—and if we are to anticipate, we should hope the best. I stand self-accused therefore for my prurient, and, I may say, *irreligious* fears. A prudent foresight, as it may guard us from many impending dangers, is laudable; but a morbid propensity to seize and brood over future ills is agonizing, while it is utterly useless, and therefore ought to be repressed.

* * * * *

I begin now to feel at home in my little room, and I wish you were here to see how snugly I sit by my blazing fire in the cold evenings. College certainly has charms, though I have a few things rankling at my heart which will not let me be quite happy.—*Ora, ora, pro me.*

This last sentence of mine is of a very curious tendency, to be sure: for who is there of mortals who has *not* something rankling at his heart, which will not let him be happy?

It is curious to observe the different estimations two men make of one another's happiness. Each of them surveys the external appearance of the other's situation, and, comparing them with the secret disquieting circumstances of his own, thinks him hap-

pier; and so it is, that, all the world over, be we favoured as we may, there is always something which others have, and which we ourselves have not, necessary to the completion of our felicity. I think, therefore, upon the whole, there is no such thing as positive happiness in this world; and a man can only be deemed felicitous as he is in comparison less affected with positive evil. It is our business, therefore, to support ourselves under existing ills with the anticipation of future blessings. Life, with all its bitters, is a draught soon drunk: and though we have many changes on this side the grave, beyond it we know of none.

Your life and mine are now marked out; and our calling is of such a nature, that it ill becomes us to be too much affected with circumstances of an external nature. It is our duty to bear our evils with dignified silence. Considering our superior consolations, they are small in comparison with those of others; and though they *may* cast a sadness both over our hearts and countenances, which time may not easily remove, yet they must not interfere with our active duties, nor affect our conduct towards others, except by opening our hearts with warmer sympathy to their woes, their wants, and miseries.

FAITH INDISPENSABLE.

It will give me great pleasure to hear that your labours have been successful in the town of * * *, where, I fear, much is to be done. I am one of those who think that the love of virtue is not sufficient to make a virtuous man; for the love of virtue is a mere mental preference of the beautiful to the deformed; and we see but too often that immediate gratification

outweighs the dictates of our judgment. If men could always perform their duty as well as they can discern it, or if they would attend to their real interests as well as they can see them, there would be little occasion for moral instruction. Sir Richard Steele, who wrote like a saint, and who, in his *Christian Hero*, shows the strongest marks of a religious and devout heart, lived, notwithstanding all this, a drunkard and a debauchee. And what can be the cause of this apparent contradiction? Was it that he had not strength of mind to act up to his views? Then a man's salvation may depend on strength of intellect! Or does not this rather show that superior motives are wanting? that assistance is yet necessary, when the ablest of men has done his utmost? If then such aid be necessary, how can it be obtained?—by a virtuous life?—Surely not: because, to live really a virtuous life implies this aid to have been first given. We are told in Scripture how it may be attained, namely, by humble trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, as our atoning sacrifice. This, therefore, is the foundation of religious life, and, as such, ought to be the fundamental principle of religious instruction. This is the test of our obedience, the indispensable preliminary, before we can enjoy the favour of God. What, therefore, can we urge with more propriety from the pulpit than FAITH?—to preach morality does not include the principle of faith—to preach faith includes every branch of morality, at the same time that it affords it its present sanctions and its strongest incitements.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

Had I any certain expectation of hearing you address the Court or Jury sworn at Kirton, no circumstances should prevent me from being present; so do I long to mark the dawnings of that eloquence which will one day ring through every court in the Midland Circuit. I think the noise of * * *, the overbearing petulance of * * *, and the decent assurance of * * *, will readily yield to that pure, chaste, and manly eloquence, which, I have no doubt, you chiefly cultivate. It seems to me, who am certainly no very competent judge, that there is a uniform *mode*, or *art*, of pleading in our courts, which is in itself faulty, and is moreover a bar to the higher excellencies. You know, before a barrister begins, in what manner he will treat the subject; you anticipate his *positiveness*, his complete confidence in the stability of his case, his contempt of his opponent, his voluble exaggeration, and the vehemence of his indignation. All these are as of course. It is no matter what sort of face the business assume: if Mr.—be all impetuosity, astonishment, and indignation, on one side, we know he would not have been a whit less impetuous, less astonished, or less indignant, on the other, had he happened to have been retained. It is true, this assurance of success, this contempt of an opponent, and dictatorial decision in speaking, are calculated to have effect on the minds of a jury; and if it be the business of a counsel to obtain his ends by *any* means, he is right to adopt them; but the misfortune is, that all these things are mechanical, and as much in the power of the opposite counsel as in your own; so that it is not so much who argues best, as who

speaks last, loudest, and longest. True eloquence, on the other hand, is confident only where there is real ground for confidence, trusts more to reason and facts than to imposing declamation, and seeks rather to convince than dazzle. The obstreperous rant of a pleader may, for a while, intimidate a jury; but plain and manly argument, delivered in a candid and ingenuous manner, will more effectually work upon their understandings, and will make an impression on which the froth of declamation will be lost. I think a man who would plead in this manner, would gain the confidence of a jury, and would find the avenues of their hearts much more open, than a man of more assurance, who, by too much confidence, where there is much doubt, and too much vehemence, where there is greater need of coolness, puts his hearers continually in mind that he is pleading for hire. There seems to me so much beauty in truth, that I could wish our barristers would make a distinction between cases, in their opinion well or ill-founded, embarking their whole heart and soul in the one, and contenting themselves with a perspicuous and forcible statement of their client's case in the other.

FRIEND HUNTERS.

The world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind

voluntarily subject themselves from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable, than those attendant on friend-making. Show a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely; humour his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant; pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly: in all, he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my deathbed I shall be able to say the same) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course, that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong

Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom cares much for that which costs him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visiter, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door. All was to no purpose—he was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my enquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before, that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superiors, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way

beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without his whine of hypocritical condolence; and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living, it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals, whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou art young, and wouldst make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven years' apprentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a tailor's board. Periwig-makers have been known to buy their country-seats, and bellows-menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependence on the friendship of his fellow-men arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordinance of nature, which may *appear* to run

counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can expect to find that benign disposition, which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visiter? Who can preach philosophy to the mob?

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for the gentler emotions of the soul often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hunder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind,—my

dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as *dear* a friend as any I possess; and, when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

GYPS.

This place is literally a den of thieves: my bed-maker, whom we call a *gyp*, from a Greek word signifying a vulture, runs away with every thing he can lay his hands on, and, when he is caught, says he only borrows them. He stole a sack of coals a-week, as regularly as the week came, when first I had fires; but I have stopped the run of this business, by a monstrous large padlock, which is hung to the staple of the bin. His next trick was to bring me four candles for a pound, instead of six; and this trade he carried on for some time, until I accidentally discovered the trick: he then said he had always brought me right until that time, and that then he had brought me *fives*, but had given Mr. H. (a man on the same staircase) one, because *he thought* he understood I had borrowed one of him: on inquiring of Mr. H. he had not given him one according to his pretence: but the gentleman was not caught yet, for he declared he had *lent* one to the bed-maker of Lord B. in the rooms below. His neatest trick is going to the grocer every now and then for articles in your name, which he con-

verts to his own use. I have stopped him here, too, by keeping a check-book. Tea, sugar, and pocket-handkerchiefs, are his natural perquisites, and I verily believe he will soon be filling his canister out of mine before my face. There is no redress for all this; for if you change, you are no better off: they are all alike. They know you regard them as a pack of thieves, and their only concern is to steal so dexterously that they may not be confronted with direct proof.

THE HAPPIEST STATE.

It is a remark of an ancient philosophical poet (Horace,) that every man thinks his neighbour's condition happier than his own; and, indeed, common experience shows that we are too apt to entertain romantic notions of absent, and to think meanly of present things; to extol what we have had no experience of, and to be discontented with what we possess. The man of business sighs for the sweets of leisure: the person, who, with a taste for reading, has few opportunities for it, thinks that man's life the sum of bliss who has nothing to do but to study. Yet it often happens that the condition of the envier is happier than that of the envied. You have read Dr. Johnson's tale of the poor Tallow-Chandler, who, after sighing for the quiet of country life, at length scraped money enough to retire, but found his long-sought-for leisure so insupportable, that he made a voluntary offer to his successor to come up to town every Friday, and melt tallow for him gratis. It would be so with half of the men of business who sigh so earnestly for the sweets of retirement; and you may receive it as one of the maturest observations I have been able to make on

human life, that there is no condition so happy as that of him who leads a life of full and constant employment. His amusements have a zest which men of pleasure would gladly undergo all his drudgery to experience; and the regular succession of business, provided his situation be not too anxious, drives away from his brain those harassing speculations which are continually assailing the man of leisure and the man of reading. The studious man, though his pleasures are of the most refined species, finds cares and disturbing thoughts in study. To think much and deeply will soon make a man sad. His thoughts, ever on the wing, often carry him where he shudders to be even in imagination. He is like a man ever in sleep—sometimes his dreams are pleasing, but at others, horror itself takes possession of his imagination: and this inequality of mind is almost inseparable from much meditation and mental exercise. From this cause it often happens, that lettered and philosophical men are peevish in their tempers, and austere in their manners. The inference I would draw from these remarks is generally this, that although every man carries about him the seeds of happiness or misery in his own bosom, yet it is a truth not liable to many exceptions, that men are more equally free from anxiety and care, in proportion as they recede from the more refined and mental to the grosser and bodily employments and modes of life, but that the happiest condition is placed in the middle, between the extremes of both. Thus a person with a moderate love of reading, and few opportunities of indulging it, would be inclined to envy one in my situation, because such a one has nothing to do but to read: but I could tell him, that though my studious pleasures are more comprehensive than his,

they are not more exquisite, and that an occasional banquet gives more delight than a continual feast. Reading should be dearer to you than to me, because I always read, and you but seldom.

HEROIC ATTACHMENT.

Perhaps it may be the opinion of a young man, but I think the old system of heroic attachment, with all its attendant notions of honor and spotlessness, was, in the end, calculated to promote the interests of the human race; for though it produced a temporary alienation of mind, perhaps bordering on insanity, yet, with the very extravagance and madness of the sentiments, there were inwoven certain imperious principles of virtue and generosity, which would probably remain after time had evaporated the heat of passion, and sobered the luxuriance of a romantic imagination. I think, therefore, the man of song is rendering the community a service when he displays the ardour of manly affection in a pleasing light; but certainly we need no incentives to the irregular gratification of our appetites; and I should think it a proper punishment for the poet, who holds forth the allurements of illicit pleasures in amiable and seductive colours, should his wife, his sister, or his child, fall a victim to the licentiousness he has been instrumental in diffusing.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Few histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn to the time of its meridian splendor, among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which, in this early period, were almost generally taken to confine all knowledge to a particular

branch of men, and when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among the learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources from whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by the Chaldean Zoroaster*, we have no relics: and the oracles which go under his name are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

The Greeks unquestionably derived their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries for the advantage of learning; and if we may credit the received accounts of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country, and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines we have some accounts remaining; and nothing is wanting to render the systems of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of those philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations, though our conclusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention:

—Isque, licet cœli regione remotos

Mente Deos adiit, et, quæ natura negabat

* Pliny.

Visibus humanus, oculus ea pectoris hausit.
 Cumque animo, et vigili perspexerat omnia curâ;
 In medium discenda dabat: cœtumque silentum,
 Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi
 Et rerum causas, et quid natura, docebat,
 Quid Deus: unde nives: quæ fulminis esset origo:
 Jupiter, an venti, discussa mibe, tonarent:
 Quid quateret terras: quâ sidera lege mearent:
 Et quodcumque latet.

If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many other testimonies, Pythagoras searched deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun, and therefore that he had an idea of its real situation; but this opinion, so generally adopted, may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think Pythagoras gained his idea of the great central, vivifying, and creative fire from the Chaldeans, and that, therefore, it was the representative, not of the sun but of the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe; he assimilated the Deity to light, and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendour. The Magi, corrupting his representation of the Supreme Being, and, taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was this central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced among the Chaldeans the worship of fire. That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstition is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch, his disciples held, that in the midst of the four elements is the fiery globe of Unity,

or Monad—the procreative, nutritive, and excitive power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take in all the branches of this subject, I shall confine my attention to the opinions held by these early nations of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God; and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been initiated in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him as *animus per universas mundi partes omnemque naturam commeans atque diffusus, ex quo omnia quæ nascuntur animalia vitam capiunt*.*—An intelligence moving upon, and diffused over, all parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple at Athens inscribed to the unknown god: and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

* Lactantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5, etiam Minucius Felix, “Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commeans atque intentus, ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capiatur.”

Ἐξ ἀρχῆς εἰς Γαῖαν καὶ Οὐρανὸς αἶψα ἐτίκτον
Οἱ τ' αὖ ταν ἔργοντο θεοὶ δαίμονες αἶαν.

THEOG.

If Pythagoras, and the other philosophers who succeeded him, paid honor to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Demonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad demons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes, or to expiate their offences—a fact which proves that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal; and, what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

A LANDSCAPE SKETCH.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are, indeed, studious days, for my studies seem to multiply on my hands, and I am so much occupied with them, that I am becoming a mere book-worm, running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is, indeed, now a delightful place: the trees are in full verdure, the crops are browning the fields, and my former walks are becoming dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our churchyard, over the Humber, to the hills

receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas, on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me; and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek choruses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought and negligent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country.

THE DELUSIONS OF LIFE.

If the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to a very cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence, and that on our conduct in this life will depend the happiness of the life to come; yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction

which we expect from their enjoyment. Our views are uniformly directed to one point:—*happiness*, in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the great aim of the busy multitudes, whom we behold toiling through the vale of life, in such an infinite diversity of occupation and disparity of views. But the misfortune is, that we seek for happiness where she is not to be found, and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and universal an error.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the various points after which our fellow-mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelope the whole human race:—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being, and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that, too, in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract, apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it

is attained, it must greatly tend to correct our motives—to simplify our desires—and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being, in all its bearings, and in its full extent, and the result is, that superiority to common views and indifference to the things of this life, which should be the fruit of all *true* philosophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations—visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains; and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of wordly accommodation and ease will seem more like the effects of insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible; and he will see with astonishment the few allotted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they are placed here to prepare for, scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of worldly cares, and the necessity of providing for a future state of existence. They know, by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor sojourners in this vale of tears, and that, too, embittered with much pain and fear; and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his

predecessor in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive happiness;—whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity—whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence—in a word, whoever possesses more of the true spirit of Christianity than his neighbours, is comparatively happy. But the number of these, it is to be feared, is very small. Were all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends by virtuous means:—as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments—the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers, and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by that purity of mind of which human nature is, *of itself*, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious in-

dulgences, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace, not only of the immediate procreators of the errors—not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would therefore exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you centre your hopes. Pleasures may allure—pride or ambition may stimulate, but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed on the earth in a state of probation—your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period, and when you are called from hence you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits—it will be these which will give the turn to your character and to your pleasures. I beseech you, therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that Book, which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of before its divulcation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down, and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the Divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is no-

where else to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone endureth for ever—this alone embraces equally the present and the future—this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the *ignis fatuus* of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence, and I know of none that will do it but the Christian.

MARRIAGE.

I have one observation to make, which I hope you will forgive in me: it is, that you fall in love too readily. I have no notion of a man's having a certain species of affection for *two* women at once. I am afraid you let your admiration outrun your judgment in the outset, and then comes the *denouement* and its attendants, disappointment and disgust. Take good heed you do not do this in marriage; for if you do, there will be a great risk of your making shipwreck of your hopes. Be content to learn a woman's good qualities as they gradually reveal themselves; and do not let your imagination adorn her with virtues and charms to which she has no pretension. I think there is often a little disappointment after marriage—our angels turn out to be mere Eves; but the true way of avoiding, or, at least, lessening this inconvenience, is to estimate the object of our affections really as she is, without deceiving *ourselves*, and injuring

her, by elevating her above her sphere. This is the way to be happy in marriage ; for upon this plan our partners will be continually breaking in upon us, and delighting us with some new discovery of excellence: while, upon the other plan, we shall always be finding that the reality falls short of what we had so fondly and so foolishly imagined.

* * * * *

I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how indeed should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain. While a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles, and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares, and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fireside!—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! and if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*, still avoid the *irrupta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman, why then you deserve to be a fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bed-maker: and, lastly, to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why, man, I dare no more *dream* that I shall ever

have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be archbishop of Canterbury, and primate of all England. A suite of rooms in a still quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the translators of the Bible in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice, to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's when it was a monastery of white-friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies; but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

MELANCHOLY.

Philosophers have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world.

'And fits it to hold converse with the gods.'

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications; at the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the

heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment; I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice, the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions which they inspire; yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that Melancholy is forbidding; in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest? Ask the unfortunate why he seeks the still shades of solitude? or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion? and he will tell you that he derives a pleasure therefrom which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of Melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy; as are the desponding intervals of insanity from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils

of life with indifference; who can so far conquer the weakness of nature as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested: be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public; they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition; this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortunes, nor the bitter taunts of misanthrophy. Society is a chain of which I am merely a link; all men are my associates in error; and though some may have gone farther in the ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them; it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their crimes, and weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation, when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure,

the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervour of a glowing mind expresses itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner for the cold ear of dull propriety, let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in decrying it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet,

Ω σφραγὶς ἀγνοῖα τοῦ ἀνθρώπου τῆς αἰ-
 ὅταν αἰ σὺ ἐν εἰχλῆς ὥσπερ σὺ οὐκ ἀγνοῖς.

THE HUMAN MIND.

The economy of creation is every where pregnant with wonder; but nature has no mystery so astonishing, no secret so dark, as the human mind. It was in this respect, in respect to his reasoning powers, that man was originally made in the express image of God; and it is from hence that the same inscrutable gloom hangs over that wonderful part of our being which is called mind, as shrouds the king of the universe himself, and all his attributes, from the vulgar gaze.

Although we are sometimes able, obscurely, to trace our ratiocinative faculties in the course of their operations, yet our observations tend to little more than to excite astonishment at the subtilty of their transitions, and the swiftness with which they transverse all nature, and connect, by an almost imper-

ceptible link, ideas the most distant. Being thus little acquainted with the mind at large, we know it merely by its effects, and consider genius, or natural superiority of intellect, only in connexion with the object to which it is directed, and in which it excels; but the ethereal and evanescent quality in which genius more particularly consists, seems to elude our keenest observation. The power of combining a larger number of ideas must always be regarded as a characteristic of a great mind; but it is so far from being the sole constituent of genius, that alone it would, probably, produce no movements of excellence. If it were unattended with the warmth and enthusiasm, which is another and a more universal mark of genius, it would want an adequate motive for exertion; it would soon grow cold and languid in its efforts, and would achieve nothing, because it would plan little. There are even adventitious circumstances, which, though they add nothing to the powers of the mind themselves, are perhaps necessary to call them into action, and without which they might lie unnoticed and undiscovered. I believe that even Pascal himself, although so many wonders are told of the irresistible impulse by which he was led to the mathematics, was indebted for his first inclination for these studies to the conversation of his father, who was deeply versed in them.

Milton was blind, and Homer is supposed to have been blind; and where do we meet with such strong and characteristic painting as in Milton and Homer? Those works of the former poet which were written before the loss of his sight, beautiful and glowing as they are, do not possess either the strength of delineation, or the bold sublimity of conception, remarkable

in his epics. It may be thought paradoxical to assert that he would never have produced the *Paradise Lost*, had he never lost his sight; but that it had considerable influence on that work, will, on reflection, appear not improbable.

A thousand springs, unseen even to the eye of the minute observer, contribute to the production of a work of genius. The sophists imagine that man was once a monkey, and inhabited the woods, but that he accidentally learned the use of the muscle, by the contraction of which the thumb is brought in contact with the forefinger; that, from the dexterity which this discovery gave him, he gradually improved his faculties, and heaped discovery upon discovery, until he arose to the summit of science and art. This ridiculous story may be applied with more propriety to the *mind*. The energies of a mighty genius lie dormant, like a treasure hidden even from its owner, until some happy chance, some fortunate accident, gives them the first impulse, and awakes their owner to a sense of his unobserved powers. From this period the progress of genius may be gradual, but it is sure: when once the enchanted spring has been touched, the mind will recur with eagerness to its newly discover'd pursuit; it will hang with a secret and inexpressible fondness over its hidden beauties; it will expatiate on all its varying appearances, and trace its unfolding graces, until it comes forth prepared to astonish mankind with pure and original excellence. In works of mere genius, the fire and animation which stamps their sterling worth upon them is often caught from the mere reflection of these first transports. A kind of sacred sublimity seems to dwell upon every thing connected with that object to

which the genius is particularly bent, and as often as it is recalled to the mind, the fervour and enthusiasm of former periods are again and again excited.

To this cause I attribute the particularities of composition and character which have distinguished some of the poets. Some have manifested peculiar fondness for night—some for ocean scenery; others for woods and groves; and, among the incidents of mortal life, for subjects which touch on grief, or love, fortitude, complaint, death. So, likewise, many have been able to write only at particular periods. Milton's verse flowed only from the autumnal to the vernal equinox; and Thomson seldom composed except in the autumn, and during the night season. Poetry, with them, was connected with particular impressions which probably they were themselves unable to trace, but from which it was in no wise happily to be separated. Dr. Johnson has sneered at these fancies, as he is pleased to call them; but when he has defined in *what true genius* consists, he may be permitted to decide on matters which affect its essence.

Conceiving it, then, to be at all events in a greater or less degree true, that genius depends on fortuitous circumstances, and external impressions, the poet's position will appear most certain, that

*' Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'*

This reflection might be a mournful one to a disciple of Epicurus; but, confiding in the existence of an all-good and wise Providence, we trust that no man of real genius has been permitted to wear away the day of mortality in obscurity and neglect, but him

whose talents, had they been called into action, would have been ruinous to mankind, and destructive to himself.

PICTURES OF MISERY.

It is common for busy and active men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive; as they participate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights; they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniences: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy, that he labours for no good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd, than sadness, which seems, in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moonstruck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitutional gloom, and diseased with habits of vain and fanciful speculation.—‘We can share with the sorrows of the unfortunate,’ say they, ‘but this monastic spleen merits only our derision: it tends to no beneficial purpose, it benefits neither its possessor nor society.’ Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct con-

sequence, to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out, then, with the proposition, that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thought. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time, for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from a special; but I have inverted that order for the sake of perspicuity.

Of those who have occasionally thought on these subjects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, inquire what have been their sensations when they have, for a moment, attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man in all its bearings and dependencies. They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery, and that the mystery of man's situation is not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live, but that from whence they came or whither they are going, is by nature altogether hidden; that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulf of the ages to come!—These are

reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavours to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence; and the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see things perhaps equally strange and infinitely more affecting.—In the economy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all the parts of the universe. Plato's sirens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole; order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great Architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop: there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases, and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities, destructive as well to themselves as to those around them; the stronger oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good! we see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the deserving overwhelmed with unprovoked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think,

that He, whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it: the difference is casuistical. We are led, therefore, to conclude, that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his Maker. Here then is a mystery. The ancients, led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduction of vice.* This, however, was the logic of the poets:

* Καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς οὐλύμπου ἀπὸ χθονὸς κυρνομένης,
 Λευκοσὶν φάρμασσι καλυψάμεναι χροᾶ καλὸν,
 Ἀθανάτων μετὰ φύλον ἔσθον, προλιπόντ' ἀνθρώπους
 Ἀιδῶς καὶ Νέμεσις· τὰ δὲ ληΐεται ἀλγέα λυγρὰ
 ὄνκτοις ἀνθρώποισι, κακοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔσονται ἀλλή.

Hesiod. Opera et Dies. Lib. 1. 195.

Victa jacet Pietas : et Virgo cæde madentes,
 Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit.

Ovid. Metamor. L. 1. Fab. 4.

Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit,
 Hac comite atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.

Juvenal. Sat. vi. 1. 10.

the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for. They often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny, in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage: "The animal about to rule over the rest of the created animals lies weeping, bound hand and foot, making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and *this for no other crime than that he is born man.*"—Cicero, in a passage, for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature :—"Man," says he, 'comes into existence, not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labour, prone to licentiousness, in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins.' And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion, that man comes into the world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observation and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this in our times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother; where death, in every variety of horror, preys *on the finely-fibred*

human frame; and where the cries of the widow and the orphan rise up to heaven long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands slain are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart, and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason, and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the education of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female, who is rallying a well dressed young man with so much gaiety and humour? Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark eye which quite captivates one; and her smile, were it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please, and beneath a fair and painted outside she conceals an unquiet and forlorn breast. When she was

yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her, to betray her virtue. At first her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret, and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced, at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterward heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, soon subdued the more distracting ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left; all the gates of virtue were shut upon her; and though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice for support. Her next keeper possessed her person without her heart. She has since passed through several hands, and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification, and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy; and while she simulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor pittance, which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation, and she looks only to sudden death as her refuge, against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinence, when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her, and, without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift the scene a little, and select another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who, with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty drags along the road. The man with a knapsack, who is walking before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram-shop in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half drunk, and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites in the abuse of his weary helpmate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than many words, as, with a wan and meaning look, she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arms. The turbulent brutality of the man excites no attention: she is pondering on the future chance of life, and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture, and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison-court was once a fine dashing fellow, the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family, and is brought to this situation by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life at an early age. His misjudging mother to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance, under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But he soon found that habits of prodigality, once well gained, are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of

expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a jail, and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in that prison many years, and since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he could not support her, deserted him for those who could, leaving him, without friend or companion, to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country jail, and endeavour to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sighs to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously we strive to beguile the moments in their course, the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general, and what must be the prevailing frame of mind of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, embracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery invariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will, he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature, and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crimes of every description. Biography only strengthens the view by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil,

by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as, either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such a one, then, is prone to sadness, who will wonder? If such meditations are beneficial, who will blame them? The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves, and to endeavour, if possible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and in these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to Him who is alone the fountain of all perfection and the source of all good.

THE END.



